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SAIL, LITTLE BOAT.

Sail, little boat—sail out of the bay
To the radiant West;
Swift as a bird, to my Dear Heart say
That love is best.

Bear him a message, a message sweet
(My heart thy freight!)
And haste where the serge and the shallows meet
At the golden gate.

Speed fast away with enchanted crew
And snow-white wings;
For Peace and Joy are aboard of you,
And a soul that sings.

What though the wind and the wave divide,
And the way is long—
The currents of ocean are deep and wide,
But Love is strong.

BEHIND A MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

CARLYON had not intended to repeat his visit to Norfolk on the following Saturday, and his reply to Helsford's inquiry was made in perfect good faith. It was therefore with an uncertain feeling that he received towards the end of the week an invitation from the Vicar's wife, urging him, in somewhat peremptory terms, to come down again. He accepted however, though with a secret feeling of shamefacedness, consoling himself with the reflection that the few words which had passed on the subject between him and Helsford could not possibly be construed into a promise or undertaking.

As his train glided into Stretton he caught sight of the Vicarage ponychaise in the station-yard, and was not a little disappointed to find that its only occupant was Mrs. Manning. As he approached her, the Vicar's wife greeted him with a merry laugh, which caused him to realize with sudden confusion that the expression of his face had revealed his ungracious sentiments.

"I came alone because I wanted to have a word with you in private," said Mrs. Manning, with a mockingly apologetic air.

"I feel highly honored," said Carlyon, with a clumsy attempt at politeness, as he took his seat beside her.

"Don't say you would not rather it had been Ethel," returned Mrs. Manning laughingly; "if you do I shall be offended, because I like sincerity. Ethel is very well indeed. Do you feel better now?"

"You said you had something particular to say to me," suggested Carlyon, who was still rather sensitive on the subject of his affections.

"For one thing, I thought you had better take advantage of your friend's being well out of the way to improve your acquaintance with Ethel," said Mrs. Manning.

"It was very thoughtful of you; but I am not certain that Helsford is well out of the way, as you call it," returned Carlyon. "He said he would probably be back by the end of this week."

"But he is not coming," said Mrs. Manning confidently.

"How do you know?"

"He wrote and told Ethel that he will not return till next week."

"Indeed? Has Ethel had a letter from him?" said Carlyon uneasily.

"Yes; that is why I wrote to you, and that is what I want to speak to you about," said Mrs. Manning rather mysteriously.

"Why? What was in the letter?"

"I don't know. That is just what makes me uneasy. Ethel read aloud to us the first two pages, in which he told her of the object of his journey; but when she reached the top of the third page she suddenly checked herself, and, turning very red, put the letter into her pocket, and has never alluded to it since," added Mrs. Manning significantly.

"Why should she?" inquired Carlyon, vaguely ill at ease.

"On the other hand, why should she not?" returned the Vicar's wife, with an impressive glance at him. "What could he have to say to her that she did not want us to know?"

"Is that all?" remarked Carlyon, with assumed indifference.

"All!" repeated Mrs. Manning, with a vicious flick with the whip at the patient pony. "You irritate me, Eustace. Let me tell you that it is a dangerous symptom when a girl has secret correspondence."

"It may mean nothing," said Carlyon, more downcast than he cared to show.

"But it may mean a good deal," retorted Mrs. Manning. "Now look here, Eustace, if you were an ordinary lover I should not tell you this, but you are so absurdly diffident and—and proud that I consider it necessary for your own good to stimulate your jealousy and determination. You are the sort of man to toss your head if a girl appears unresponsive, and to walk off in the opposite direction. That may be grand and noble, but it isn't practical. I want you to marry Ethel Vivian; but, in order to marry her, you must win her."

"What can I do?" inquired Carlyon, half sulkily.

"Do? Why, make love to her—beat her cousin out of the field—gain her affection, in spite of herself, if need be!" replied the Vicar's wife, with animation. "I am very fond of Ethel; I believe she is a good noble-hearted girl, and that the man who wins her will be lucky," she added more quietly. "You know my opinion of Mr. Helsford. I am sure he is unworthy of her, and, if I can prevent it, he shall not marry her. I will not flatter your vanity by expressing any opinion about you; I need only say that I think you will make her a good husband."

Carlyon received Mrs. Manning's lecture in good part, though he did not altogether relish it. It was quite true that he was ridiculously proud and sensitive; but his love for Ethel Vivian was more than a passing fancy, and it was already beginning to render him humble-minded.

The marked reserve with which he was greeted by the girl herself on his arrival at the Vicarage was calculated to put his devotion to a somewhat severe test. Miss Vivian's manner was cold and even repellant, and Carlyon realized that his friend's wife had foreseen this change in her protegee, and had designed to prepare him for it. He soon proved that Mrs. Manning's advice had not been thrown away upon him, for, instead of showing resentment, he exerted his best efforts to please. The result was so far reassuring that Ethel Vivian gradually became more friendly and genial.

After luncheon Mrs. Manning made the startling discovery that she had come to the end of her stock of wool of a particular shade which she was using at the moment, and it was impossible for her to leave the house that afternoon. Would dear Ethel mind driving into Stretton for a fresh supply? The Vicar would no doubt be able to accompany her.

"My dear, how can I?" returned the reverend gentleman, looking at Carlyon with a facetious grin. "You know I must write my sermon."

"I can go alone, Mrs. Manning, indeed I can," interposed the young lady at this juncture, rather eagerly. "I can manage the pony, and one of the children can come with me."

"The children have coughs; they must stay in the nursery this afternoon, dear," said Mrs. Manning smilingly. "And do you know, Peter, that Dumpling stumbled twice when going down the hill this morning?"

"Dumpling requires some driving; that is the fact," said the parson gravely, with a wink at Carlyon.

"Eustace, you wouldn't mind, I'm sure," said Mrs. Manning, looking at her guest with an innocent air. "Peter, as you hear, is engaged and cannot walk out with you till later."

Of course Carlyon would not mind; he would be delighted to escort Miss Vivian into Stretton, though he offered his services somewhat awkwardly. Innocent as he was, Carlyon could not help suspecting that a barefaced conspiracy was in progress to obtain for him the gratification of a tete-a-tete drive with Ethel, and he feared she might resent it. The young lady however was apparently discreet enough to accept the situation, for she raised no further protest and accepted the proffered services of her cavalier with a fairly good grace.

Long before the slow-trotting and unjustly-maligned Dumpling had accomplished the journey to the neighboring town, the occupants of the chaise behind him were on excellent terms. Ethel Vivian was her old self again, and the pleasant ripple of her girlish laughter sounded bewitchingly on Carlyon's ear.

Mrs. Manning's commission at Stretton having been executed, Carlyon sought to prolong the homeward journey as much as possible under the pretence of not overworking the pony, and was sorry when they came to the foot of the last hill, over the brow of which the spire of Bilston Church was visible.

"Hallo, you two—what a time you've been! What have you been up to?" cried a well-known voice, just as they reached this spot.

"Hallo, Peter!" exclaimed Carlyon, not overpleased at beholding the rubicund face of his friend the Vicar, which appeared over the hedge by the roadside.

"Here is a friend of yours," said the parson, with a warning grimace.

As the Vicar spoke Stephen Helsford stepped over an adjoining stile, and leapt across the ditch into the road.

"Stephen!" exclaimed Ethel, with a vivid blush and a start which caused her companion a feeling of guilty self consciousness.

"A pleasant surprise, I hope!" said Helsford, advancing, hat in hand.

"You said you would not return till next week," remarked the girl, whose evident confusion affected Carlyon most uncomfortably.

"I could not stay away from you, my dear Ethel," said Helsford, with a peculiar smile.

He seized his cousin's hand in his own, and was apparently about to proceed to embrace her as he had done at their previous meeting; but Carlyon remarked, with savage satisfaction, that the girl made a slight movement away from him, and Helsford had tact enough to take the hint.

"I didn't expect to meet you either, Carlyon," he said, abruptly turning to his friend.

"I didn't expect to come," Carlyon answered, reddening.

"I thought you would—that was why I asked the question," said Helsford, with a scarcely-disguised sneer.

Carlyon bit his lip, and was half inclined to make an angry retort; but he wisely preserved silence, though he had a rankling suspicion that Helsford considered he had caught him in a trap. Meanwhile, the parson had sauntered up, and now said—

"Mr. Helsford declares he can't stay to dinner, and must return to town by the next train. I therefore thought, as you didn't come back, that we had better come to meet you."

Carlyon fancied that Helsford's expression was not particularly amiable as the parson referred to their prolonged absence, and, noticing a return of the bright color to the cheeks of his fair companion, he said—

"The pony is over-fed, Peter. I couldn't get him along."

"I suppose you didn't try," said the parson, looking very sly, as he patted the pony's fat sides. "He hasn't turned a hair. He can do the distance on three legs in half the time you have taken."

"Carlyon is a careful whip, I suspect," said Helsford, glancing from him to Ethel with an irritating smile.

"Oh, uncommonly careful, evidently!" cried the parson, with a jovial laugh.

Carlyon felt so desperately annoyed that he could at that moment have assaulted his friend the Reverend Peter.

"How is poor uncle, Stephen?" inquired Ethel nervously, as the party moved forward.

"Very bad, from all accounts," said Helsford, walking by her side.

"Poor fellow! Did you see him?" said Ethel, with genuine concern.

"No; he will see nobody. I'm afraid he will not last very long, though the doctor says he is better than he was when he came. In fact, the place seems to agree with him," said Helsford.

"Of whom did you make your inquiries?" asked Ethel.

"The nurse chiefly, but I saw the doctor also. I think she is a thoroughly respectable woman," said Helsford.

"You say you did not see uncle Henry?"

"No. By the way, I suppose you wrote and told him I had been here—that you had seen me?" inquired Helsford, lowering his voice.

"Yes. Is there any harm?" returned Ethel anxiously.

"No; it was quite natural you should do so, of course; but——"

Before Helsford could finish the sentence the Vicar's wife suddenly appeared in their midst, and it then transpired that she had been absent upon some pressing business in the village when Helsford had called, and was only at that moment returning home. Her quick sympathetic glance, first at Ethel and then at Carlyon, showed that she immediately realized the situation, and she turned upon her husband with some asperity.

"Peter, have you given Mr. Helsford some tea?"

"Tea? No!" answered the parson contemptuously. "I offered him some whiskey."

"You ought to have ordered the tea and sent for me."

"Mr. Helsford called to see Ethel, and as she and Carlyon were such a very long time——"

"Hush, Peter! For shame! They had several commissions to execute, and I am surprised to see them back so soon. Come in, Mr. Helsford," she added, with more than her usual graciousness.

"He says he can't stay," interposed the parson.

"Nonsense; he will, of course—won't you, Mr. Helsford?"

It seemed that Helsford had only wanted a little pressing, or perhaps his knowledge

of the world had prompted him to decline the invitation of the master of the house given in the absence of its mistress. At all events, he agreed to remain to dinner, after uttering a few faint, polite protestations. Mrs. Manning cast at her husband a look of mingled triumph and warning, which the Vicar, from his rather crestfallen and subdued demeanor, seemed fully to understand and appreciate; then she conducted Helsford to the house. The Reverend Peter nudged Carlyon as they followed up the garden walk, but the latter instinctively guessed that his friend would not refer again before Helsford to the duration of the journey to Stretton.

The Vicar's wife had no doubt good reasons for being especially gracious to her guest; but it seemed to Carlyon that his hostess was carrying her complaisance a little too far when she directed Helsford to sit beside his cousin at the dinner table. This gave Helsford the opportunity of carrying on a private conversation with Ethel at intervals during the meal, and, to add to Carlyon's irritation, Mrs. Manning seemed deliberately to favor this arrangement by addressing her remarks exclusively to her husband and himself. From Carlyon's point of view, the evening was hardly a success, though it passed off harmoniously enough. Helsford made himself very agreeable to everybody, including Carlyon, to whom he now seemed anxious to make amends by warmth of manner for his scant courtesy at their meeting a few hours earlier. Indeed, after rising early from the table to catch the last train to town, he took occasion to murmur in Carlyon's ear a few words in the nature of an apology.

"I dare say I seemed rather out of temper," he said; "but you may have guessed the reason. I had my journey to France for nothing."

"Would not your uncle see you?"

"See me? Not he! He nearly had a fit when he heard I was in the house," returned Helsford bitterly.

"Perhaps he will relent when he considers that you took a long journey on his account," remarked Carlyon, hardly knowing how to offer consolation.

"I took care he should know that, and I'm bound to say the nurse did her best for me; but it was no go, and never will be. Good bye, old fellow! Here comes Manning with the trap."

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER Helsford's departure, Carlyon has cned to the drawing room, where he found Mrs. Manning seated alone, Ethel having already retired, on the plea of a headache. This circumstance did not diminish Carlyon's smouldering discontent, and he could not resist saying abruptly—

"You see, Mrs. Manning, Helsford turned up after all!"

The Vicar's wife laughed at his woe begone countenance.

"Poor Eustace!" she said. "Peter might have contrived to let you have your drive in peace. Do you know that I think Mr. Helsford's letter was a ruse, and that he intended to take us by surprise?"

"Why should he wish to take us by surprise?"

"I fancy he suspected you would come down here. No doubt he is satisfied now that you admire his cousin. Did he seem surprised at seeing you?"

"He didn't seem surprised, and he evidently was not over-pleased," answered Carlyon gloomily.

"And Ethel?"

"As far as I could judge, Ethel seemed more startled than pleased at seeing him, but they appeared very intimate at dinner. I really cannot make out whether she likes him or not," he added impatiently.

"What does that matter to you?" laughed Mrs. Manning. "Your business is to make her like you. I watched her very closely this evening, and, if you value my opinion, I am sure that at least she does not love him yet."

"Why do you say 'yet?'" inquired Carlyon.

"Because I think he is determined to make her love him, and he will probably succeed if he is allowed to have his own way. I cannot help suspecting that he has some secret influence over her, which predisposes her to listen to him favorably," said Mrs. Manning thoughtfully.

"What do you mean?" asked Carlyon.

"Well, I barely know; but it seems to me that Ethel is inclined to be afraid of him," said Mrs. Manning, looking puzzled. "However, I cannot imagine why she should be. At all events," she added cheerily, "everything has gone satisfactorily to-day."

"I hope so," said Carlyon doubtfully.

"Why, of course!" returned Mrs. Manning. "In the first place, you have behaved fairly well for you, and I think you have risen in Ethel's estimation. In the next, I contrived, I hope, to smooth over the little awkwardness caused by Peter's clumsiness. Finally, I have satisfied myself that Ethel is not at present in love with her cousin. Don't you think that is a pretty good day's work?"

Carlyon was fain to admit so much, at all events, and the return of the Vicar shortly afterwards put an end to their confidential tete-a-tete.

The next day however Carlyon became more despondent that ever, for Ethel in her manner towards him had reverted to her former coldness and reserve, and his best efforts had but little effect in restoring him to her favor. It seemed as though her cousin's visit had damped her natural gaiety, and rendered her reticent and unapproachable, and even Mrs. Manning was obliged to admit at the end of the day that she was completely puzzled by the girl's demeanor.

The consequence was that Carlyon returned to town in very low spirits, with the fixed determination not to obtrude his society upon Ethel Vivian for some time to come. He might have maintained his determination, but he was not permitted to have any choice in the matter, for his indefatigable ally soon summoned him again to Stretton. Helsford did not appear upon the scene on this occasion, and, probably for that reason, Carlyon had little cause to complain of Ethel Vivian's manner towards him. But on his next visit—Helsford having in the meantime been down there by himself—his reception was again the reverse of encouraging, and he even had cause to suspect that Ethel had been expressly put upon her guard against him.

Helsford plainly showed by increasing coldness that he regarded him as a formidable rival. His attitude became both hostile and aggrieved, as though he considered that his friend was unjustifiably interposing between him and his cousin. Under ordinary conditions, Carlyon, being a strictly honorable man, might have been disposed to admit that Helsford's claims were paramount; but he had made inquiries about Stephen Helsford's antecedents, and had learnt enough to convince him that he was not worthy to aspire to Ethel's hand. He was shunned by most of his former friend, and his history, in short, was that of a dissipated and unprincipled gambler and impecunious man about town.

Carlyon said nothing about Helsford's character to the Mannings, believing that the hospitality they showed to Helsford was entirely due to his relationship to Ethel Vivian. Mrs. Manning declared that but for the relationship she would not have received him beneath her roof. Her antipathy to Helsford by no means diminished as she came to know him better; no doubt her woman's instinct divined much of what Carlyon felt in honor bound to conceal. Had he been indifferent to Ethel Vivian, he might have ventured to warn her against her cousin for the sake of her future happiness, but to have done so as things were would have seemed suspiciously like traducing a rival. He therefore contented himself with doing his best to supplant Helsford in the young lady's esteem, with the consolatory feeling that his friend was not entitled to consideration.

At length there were signs that Carlyon's suit was slowly but surely prospering. As time went on the girl insensibly began to show a preference for him, to manifest unmistakable pleasure at his attentions, and to blush at the sound of his footstep. On the other hand, her early regard for her cousin seemed to generate into something approaching to fear, and, while she did not openly repulse him, her attitude towards him was marked by visible constraint and embarrassment.

Notwithstanding these hopeful signs however, Carlyon, upon Mrs. Manning's advice, refrained from avowing his passion until the mystery of Helsford's ascendency should be solved. The Vicar's wife still held to her opinion that Ethel Vivian, for some reason, was afraid to incur her cousin's displeasure. That she would do so by engaging herself to Carlyon was plainly evident, and this probably caused Mrs. Manning to apprehend that the girl might reject her lover's suit in spite of her own inclination. Knowing Carlyon's sensitive disposition, she deemed it prudent that he should not subject himself to the ordeal of a refusal.

Mrs. Manning set to work to endeavor to ascertain the girl's real sentiments. But Ethel, though habitually frank and communicative with her hostess, maintained on the subject of her cousin the most impenetrable reserve, and resolutely kept her own counsel. Nearly three months elapsed from Ethel's arrival at the Vicarage before Mrs. Manning succeeded in her object.

At length, one afternoon, the Vicar's wife, in a state of great excitement, took a journey up to town, and proceeded to Carlyon's chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

"My dear Eustace, I have deceived Peter entirely on your account," said Mrs. Manning, when they had exchanged greetings. "He had no idea I was coming to see you."

"What about?" inquired Carlyon.

"Can't you guess?"

"Ethel?"

"Of course."

"What is your news?" asked Carlyon, laughing and flushing. "Ethel is well, I hope?"

"Yes, she is well, and looking prettier than ever."

"Have you discovered anything?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, at last. My dear Eustace," said Mrs. Manning impressively, "that man is an unfeeling brute."

"You mean Helsford?"

"Yes, of course. I have seen his letter that I told you of, and the secret is this. Ethel's mother—who must have been a weak sentimental woman—seems to have enjoined the poor child to marry her cousin if he should ask her. So far as I can gather, there was some idea of poetic justice in the mind of the old lady."

"What idea?"

"From what Ethel tells me, Stephen Helsford was at one time his uncle's heir, until the old man quarreled with him. His aunt, old Mrs. Vivian, seems to have sympathized with Stephen secretly, and I suppose this request that Ethel should marry her cousin was based upon the expectation that she will inherit the old man's money. Ethel does not seem to suspect it, but I have very little doubt that she will inherit her uncle's fortune, and that Stephen knows it."

"Has Helsford proposed, then?" inquired Carlyon anxiously.

"Yes, he has. I got it out of Ethel by degrees with the greatest difficulty. The poor child is very unhappy and upset about it."

"Has she accepted him?"

"No; she refused him. Can't you guess why?"

"No, I can't—unless it is——"

"There—there! Don't start up like a Jack-in-a-box! You nearly upset the ink-stand," exclaimed Mrs. Manning, with a laugh. "I suppose she refused him because she liked somebody else better."

"My dear friend," cried Carlyon, seizing her hand rapturously—"she really said that?"

"Eustace—have mercy! My rings hurt. No, she did not say so to me—certainly not; but I dare say she might confess it to you if you asked her."

"My dear Mrs. Manning," Carlyon exclaimed, pacing the room in great excitement, "how can I thank you for this news? I'm sorry for Helsford, though," he added magnanimously. "I don't see that you can blame him."

"Because you haven't heard," said Mrs. Manning. "He proposed to her two months ago."

"Two months ago?"

"Yes; and, when I said she refused him, I used the wrong word. I should have said she asked to be excused, alleging that she did not love him. But your chivalrous friend refused to take his answer, and has been working on the poor child's feelings ever since, by reminding her of her mother's promise and talking about duty, forsooth! I flatter myself that I have set Ethel's mind at rest upon that score, and she knows my opinion of Stephen Helsford."

"How about the uncle? Does he know what has been going on?" asked Carlyon.

"No; that is what makes me more vexed about it," answered Mrs. Manning. "It appears that Stephen Helsford's first act was to impress upon Ethel that she was not to mention in her letters to her uncle anything about his visits. He has made use of my house, in fact, to carry on a clandestine courtship, knowing perfectly well that Ethel's uncle and guardian would disapprove," added the parson's wife, with an air of virtuous indignation. "However, I have put a stop to that."

"What have you done?"

"I wrote immediately to old Mr. Helsford, to tell him the state of affairs."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"Then he will probably send for Ethel immediately," said Carlyon, looking crest fallen.

"I can't help it, Eustace, if he does," said Mrs. Manning, evidently vexed with herself on Carlyon's account. "If I had not felt so angry with Stephen Helsford, I might have delayed writing, to give you a little time to arrange matters in case Ethel has to leave suddenly; but I wrote off without pausing to reflect, and that is the real reason why I called upon you to-day."

"What do you advise?" inquired Carlyon eagerly.

"I advise you to come down with me, and propose to Ethel immediately," answered Mrs. Manning, smiling. "When she has consented to be your wife, you will be prepared for anything that may happen."

"I must first write to her guardian," said Carlyon gravely.

"What punctiliousness!" exclaimed Mrs. Manning.

"Would you not have cause of complaint, Mrs. Manning, if a perfect stranger proposed to one of your daughters without first speaking to you?" inquired Carlyon.

"That would be different; an uncle is not like a parent. Besides, my eldest daughter is only three," replied Mrs. Manning irrelevantly.

"I should not like it to be said of me that I had made use of your house to carry on a clandestine courtship," said Carlyon, smiling.

"How dare you quote me against myself," exclaimed Mrs. Manning, laughing. "I—I won't lose a moment," said Carlyon earnestly. "Instead of writing, I will start for Normandy to-night, and see old Mr. Helsford."

"But suppose he won't see you?"

"I can send in a message or write, so as to get answer without delay. Don't blame me, Mrs. Manning, or think me wanting in enterprise," added Carlyon appealingly. "The truth is, I hate the idea of acting in an underhand manner."

"Blame you! My dear Eustace, I think your resolution is noble—I do indeed!" cried Mrs. Manning, half in jest, half in earnest. "I confess I should have liked you to come down to Stretton first; but I quite see that you are taking the right course."

"Will you explain—I mean, I hope Ethel will not think——"

"You may leave your case in my hands," interposed Mrs. Manning promptly. "Ethel shall not think worse of you for your consciousness. No, you shall not come down stairs with me; I won't hear of it. I have a cab at the door, and I really have some shopping to do."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Carlyon had regained his self-possession sufficiently to reflect with calmness over this interview, he began to wonder whether it would not be wiser to take Mrs. Manning's advice, and go down to Stretton at once. He perceived that it might be awkward if Ethel were summoned away before he had an opportunity of proposing to her; but, on the other hand, he had no reason to doubt that he would readily obtain old Mr. Helsford's consent. Carlyon was rather old-fashioned and strait laced in his notions, and he was one of those conscientious individuals who persistently strive to act up to their standard of what is right and proper upon all occasions. He was methodical too, and liked to do things according to the established canons of etiquette and good breeding. These inherent propensities triumphed over the temptation of ignoring old Mr, Helsford until he had obtained a favorable answer from Ethel Vivian, and he finally decided to carry out his virtuous resolve.

He had gathered from Helsford that Pont des Puits was rather an out-of-the-way spot, and a very impatient attempt to trace out his route with the aid of a Bradshaw confirmed that impression. Helsford had mentioned incidentally that he had proceeded via Southampton to Cherbourg, whence he had reached his destination after changing trains two or three times. Carlyon ascertained that the train for Southampton in connection with the Cherbourg packet started at 7 45 that evening, but beyond this the result of his investigation was so vague that he decided, somewhat reluctantly, to apply to Stephen Helsford for further details.

Having some pressing work on hand which it was essential that he should complete before he started, he sent a note to Helsford by his clerk, frankly stating the object of his contemplated journey, and asking to be furnished with particulars of the route from Cherbourg to Pont des Puits. Helsford happened to be at his

club and, whatever his sentiments may have been on learning his rival's intentions, he promptly supplied the information asked for, and replied good humoredly as follows—

"My dear Carlyon—On the next leaf you will find the information you require. You cannot expect me to wish you luck, but at least I wish you bon voyage. Give my love to nunks.

"Yours ever, "S. H."

Carlyon started off by the evening train, very sanguine as to the success of his mission, and fully anticipating that he would be able to return on the following night, which was an important consideration, as both love and duty rendered him impatient of delay. But he was destined to undergo the unpleasant experience of a weari. some journey across country from Cherbourg, which proved not only a severe trial to his temper, but also suggested the question whether Helsford had not perpetrated a practical joke at his expense. At all evens, he discovered when it was too late, that he had been recommended an uncomfortably circuitous route, and the consequence was that he did not reach Pont des Puits until eight o'clock on the next evening.

Pont des Puits turned out to be a quaint old-fashioned little place, hardly worthy to be called a town. It was charmingly situated amid picturesque surroundings on the banks of the Euee, a tributary of the Seine. But Carlyon was in no mood for sight-seeing, and he mentally consigned Pont des Puits to the category of dull uninteresting French provincial towns, without troubling to acquaint himself with its attractive features. His only anxiety was to obtain an interview with old Mr. Helsford at the earliest possible moment, and with this view, having engaged a room at the hotel, he went straight to the Rue de la Monarchie to reconnoitre. He did not expect to be able to see Mr. Helsford at so late an hour, but he had a vague intention of ascertaining how soon the next morning he would be likely to obtain an interview with the old gentleman.

Arriving at the number he was in search of, he hesitated a moment, then stepped through the gateway into the dark ill-smelling courtyard, and inquired of the old woman who emerged from the lodge of the concierge whether an English gentman, Mr. Helsford, lived there.

"On the third floor, monsieur!" was the reply. "You can go up if you like."

Carlyon's informant did not wait to be questioned further, but retired abruptly, leaving him to his own devices. He had no alternative but to seek the information he required from Mr. Helsford own servant, and he therefore somewhat reluctantly ascended to the third floor. The dirty, ill-lighted staircase and the general appearance of the place suggested to Carlyon's mind that Ethel's uncle had not belied his character for parsimoniousness in the choice of his habitation.

The door of Mr. Helsford's apartment was opened, after some delay, by a slatternly French maid-of all-work, who, instead of attempting to answer Carlyon's inquiries, said briefly that she would call "Madame." Carlyon, reasonably supposing that she meant the nurse, was loath to disturb her at that hour of the night; but before he could remonstrate a woman's voice demanded, in unmistakable English-French, what was the matter.

"I presume I am speaking to Mr. Helsford's nurse," said Carlyon, peering into dim interior.

"Yes, I am Mr. Helsford's nurse," was the reply, as a compact figure advanced resolutely to the doorway.

"I had no intention of disturbing any one at this hour of the night, for I know Mr. Helsford in an invalid," said Carlyon apologetically. "I only wished to ascertain what would be the most convenient hour for me to call upon him to-morrow morning."

"You wish to see Mr. Helsford?" said the nurse, in clear precise accents.

"Yes; I have come over from England on purpose," replied Carlyon.

"What is your name and your business?" asked the nurse.

"My business is with Mr. Helsford," retorted Carlyon, resenting the nurse's peremptory tone. "Here is my card—my name is Carlyon."

"Mr. Helsford never sees visitors," said the nurse, taking his card hesitatingly. "Will you step inside?" she added, after a moment's pause. "He is gone to bed, but I don't think he is asleep yet. I will take him your card and ask when he will see you."

The nurse ushered Carlyon into a dingy little room and proceeded to light a lamp, glancing meanwhile at Carlyon with evident curiosity. Carlyon, on his side, took a quiet survey of his companion, and was again impressed, as he had been at their first meeting, with her quiet determined air and resolute bearing. She had discarded the uniform garb of the sisterhood, and was attired in a neat dress of a dark color, with white collar and cuffs. She was undeniably a handsome woman, and Carlyon found himself wondering how she came to adopt her present benevolent but cheerless occupation.

"Are you a friend of Mr. Helsford's?" she inquired, as she happened to meet Carlyon' gaze.

"No; Mr. Helsford will not know my name. You had better say that I wish to see him very particularly with reference to his niece, Miss Vivian," said Carlyon.

The nurse nodded and left the room, while Carlyon, feeling a little nervous and uncomfortable, fidgeted about, hat in hand, staring into the ill-smelling courtyard, and scrutinizing the dingy prints of religious subjects which ornamented the walls. His suspense lasted only a few moments, for presently the nurse returned.

"He says he will see you at once," she said in rather a sullen tone.

"Really!" exclaimed Carlyon, somewhat flurried by this unexpected announcement. "Are you sure I shall not be disturbing him?"

"You had better see him while you can," answered the nurse shortly. "Being an invalid, his moods are uncertain. He may refuse to receive you another time."

Carlyon quite realized the force of this, and, though he would have preferred to defer the interview till he was better prepared for it, he dared not neglect the present opportunity. The nurse led the way across the passage to an adjoining apartment, and Carlyon followed, contemplating somewhat shrinkingly the task before him.

He was ushered into a room in the front of the house, and before he had time to look around him the querulous voice of the invalid demanded his business. In the dim light with proceeded from a carefully shaded lamp he perceived a gaunt figure propped up in bed with pillows, the silken mask having a particularly ghastly effect in the semi-darkness.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir, at so late an hour," commenced Carlyon as calmly as possible.

"Never mind that," interrupted old Mr. Helsford impatiently. "What do you want with me?"

Carlyon glanced uneasily at the nurse, who had stationed herself at the foot of the bed, where she seemed disposed to remain during the interview.

"I wish to speak with you in private, Mr. Heisford," said Carlyon meaningly.

"Go!" said the invalid, addressing his attendant sharply.

The nurse moved away very reluctantly, Carlyon thought, and did not look particularly amiable. The invalid could scarcely restrain his impatience as she slowly left the room and closed the door behind her. He then turned immediately to Carlyon, and said—

"Well, sir—well; what is the matter with my niece?"

"Nothing, Mr. Helsford," answered Carlyon. "I am thankful to say she is well and happy. My visit, though it has reference to her, chiefly concerns myself."

It was a trying ordeal to Carlyon to make confession of his tender passion to the young lady's unsympathetic guardian. Old Mr. Helsford listened to what he had to say in grim silence, which was even more embarrassing than direct discouragement. Carlyon felt painfully conscious that he was performing his task indifferently, but he managed to give expression to his hopes and aspirations with distinctness which left no room for doubt.

"Do you know Mrs. Manning?" inquired Mr. Helsford abruptly, when Carlyon had finished.

"Yes, certainly—very well indeed," answered Carlyon, surprised at the question.

"Ah, then I begin to understand the meaning of this letter!" said Mr. Helsford, taking up a document from the table by the bedside. "You are the favored suitor, I suppose?"

The question, and the cynical tone in which it was asked, disconcerted Carlyon; but, before he could answer, the old gentleman, lowering the letter so that it came beneath the rays of the lamp, said, while glancing at it—

"Mrs. Manning tells me that my scoundrel of a nephew evidently desires to marry his cousin."

"I believe he is attached to her," said Carlyon guardedly.

"I would rather the girl were dead than that she should marry that rascal!" cried old Mr. Helsford, raising his voice.

"I did not come to plead his cause," Carlyon ventured to say.

"No, you didn't," said Mr. Helsford, dropping the letter upon the counterpane, and fixing his keen glance upon Carlyon; "but, for all I know, you are no better than he. If I mistake not, I have seen you before."

"You have a good memory," replied Carlyon, half involuntarily. "I called at your house at Stretton one afternoon, and exchanged a few words with you at your gate."

"Yes, I remember; you were then a friend of my nephew's. I suppose you are enemies now that you are rivals, eh—mortal enemies?" said Mr. Helsford, with a harsh laugh.

"We have not quarreled," answered Carlyon.

"I should have thought better of you if you had," returned the old man.

"Nor were we ever particular friends," continued Carlyon. "We became acquainted at a club to which we both be long."

"Well, well, take my advice. The less you have to do with Stephen Hetsford the better," said old Mr. Heisford impatiently. "Now about this matter you were speaking of. You have not mentioned it to my niece."

"I have not yet ventured to declare my affection," said Carlyon gravely.

"You are evidently a model young man," sneered Mr. Helsford, "and would no doubt make a model husband. Your character and prospects appear, from your own account, to be everything that a guardian could wish: but I don't believe in you, because you are a friend of my nephew's, and we all know the adage about 'birds of a feather.'"

"If you would like to have independent testimony about me," said Carlyon, beginning to get ruffled, "I can refer you to a common friend, Mr. Bold."

"Bold! What Bold?' inquired Mr. Heisford quickly. "Do you mean Mr. Bold, my lawyer?"

"Yes," answered Carlyon; "he knows me very well."

"Ah, I suppose you and he have been chattering together about me," said the invalid spitefully.

"I discovered by accident that he knew you," said Carlyon. "There has been no chattering."

"I should not wonder if you have got an idea into your head that my niece will inherit a fortune from me," remarked Mr. Helsford.

The sly insinuation that his acquaintance with Mr. Bold might have caused his present application was not lost upon Carlyon, who experienced a thrill of indignation; but the sense of the importance of his mission enabled him to keep calm.

"I have no such idea," he answered quietly. "I am quite willing to marry your niece without a fortune."

"Well, now you want my answer, I suppose?" said Mr. Helsford, apparently deriving malicious enjoyment from keeping the young man in suspense.

"You would prefer, perhaps, to consider my request," returned Carlyon, with instinctive apprehension, which the old man's scoffing tone certainly warranted.

"I have considered. My answer is—'No,'" said Mr. Helsford very distinctly and emphatically.

"Do you mean that you object——"

"Certainly," interrupted Mr. Helsford, before Carlyon could complete his sentence; "I object absolutely and decidedly to your marrying my niece."

"May I inquire upon what grounds?" asked Carlyon gravely.

"Because I suspect a plot between you and my precious nephew and this Mrs. Manning."

"Sir!" cried Carlyon, losing his self-control and springing from his chair.

"Well, sir, you asked my reasons," said Mr. Helsford sharply, "I had no desire to give them. Take my answer, and don't ask questions."

Carlyon felt he could not trust himself to prolong the interview, and, as it was evident that old Mr. Helsford, in his present mood, was not likely to be conciliated by anything he might say, he walked to the door without another word. As he turned the handle the old man said, with mock politeness—

"I am sorry you have had a fruitless journey, but you might have given me credit for not being such a fool as my nephew thinks me."

"What do you mean?" asked Carlyon involuntarily.

"It is a plot between you and him, with the connivance of this lady, to secure my niece's supposed fortune!" cried the old man vindictively.

"It is nothing of the kind!" cried Carlyon indignantly.

"Then you are the less disappointed. Good day to you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

HARE.—Hare is a dish never seen on a Spanish table, because in Spain there is a superstition that hares in the night go into churchyards and dig up the graves and eat the dead bodies.

WIND.—The rate of the wind varies from five miles an hour—a light breeze—to eighty or a hundred miles an hour—a hurricane. From thirty to forty miles an hour is reckoned a high wind or a gale; at fifty miles an hour it is called a storm.

PROTECTION.—The Andaman Islands abounds in reptiles, in centipedes and scorpions, as well as mosquitoes and all the insect life of jungles. To protect himself against these latter the native covers himself with a thick coating of yellow earth, which, when dry, is impervious to the bite of his tormentors.

IN VENICE.—At Venice, when any one dies, it is the custom to fix a placard on the front of the dead person's house, as well as in the neighboring streets, as a sort of public notice, stating his name, age, place of birth, and the illness of which he died, affirming also that he received the holy sacraments, died a good Christian, and requesting the prayers of the faithful.

EGYPTIAN WRITING.—The Egyptians had four separate and distinct styles or forms of writing—the hieroglyphic, the hieratic, the enchorial and the Coptic. The hieroglyphic was probably in use as early as the year 4000 B. C., and at first was made up entirely of pictures. About the year 2000 B. C. the hieratic form or style was introduced. In this the picture hieroglyphics were greatly simplified, finally developing into forms purely linear.

UNDERGROUND.—An interesting feature of Afghanistan is the system of subterranean canals, or underground channels, that were made for connecting together the shafts sunk wherever water was expected to be found. Some of these canals have been carried to a length of about twenty miles. The canals are supposed to have been originated by King Hushung, who is also supposed to have built the seven great cities of Afghanistan, besides Cabul.

ODO S OF PLANTS.—The odors of plants exists in different parts of them—sometimes in the wood, as in cedar and sandal wood; sometimes in the leaves, as in patchouly and thyme; in the seeds, as in caraway and tonquin; in the bark, as in cinnamon and cascarilla; and in the roots, as in orris. Some plants yield more than one odor. Thus the orange has three—one from the flowers, called "neroli;" one from the leaves, called petit grain; and another from the rind of the fruit, called "portugal" or "orange."

FIRE ALARM.—A novel fire alarm was lately produced in France. It consists of a hollow sphere of aluminium supported at one end of an arm, with a counterpoise at the other end, the two being arranged to balance at the ordinary temperature and pressure of the air. The apparatus is not sensitive enough to record natural changes of pressure, etc., but if some unusual cause, such as fire, or even a large accumulation of coal gas in the atmosphere, disturbs the specific gravity of the air, the ball drops and rings an electric alarm in falling.

HATS.—The Swiss brought hats into fashion in France. The first of these articles of clothing made in Paris were manufactured by Swiss people about four hundred and seventy years ago; though it is said that they did not come into general use until after Charles VII. had made his triumphal entry into Rouen in 1449 wearing a hat with a red velvet lining and a gorgeous plume. Old Stow says the first hats in England were made there by Spaniards in 1510; and it appears that high crowns, which were first popular in the days of "good Queen Bess," were out of fashion till 1783, since which time they have held their own.

LORD ALCESTON.—The late Lord Alceston, of the British Navy, was noted for the scrupulous care and neatness with which he dressed. In fact, in his later years he was known as "the ocean swell." When in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, his example in matters of dress was closely followed by his officers, even down to the midshipmen, most of whom followed his fashion of wearing "cheese cutter" caps. So punctilious was he about uniform regulations that on one particular occasion he chased along the whole length of the Strada Reale, at Valetta, a luckless midshipman who was smoking in the streets in uniform.

PRAY FOR ME.

BY F. M. G.

Pray for me, love, at dawn, what time
For thee my prayers arise,
That, hand in hand, our vows may climb
The steep path through the skies.

Pray for me, love, at eventide;
So shall the words we say
Meet in the mists, and side by side
Speed up the beaten way.

That every time I kneel for thee
May my unhallowed prayer,
Coming in such good company,
Find sweet acceptance there.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED)

She did not ask him what he was going to say, but she raised her eyes to his, and, with the slightest hesitation, he went on, looking hard at the bottom of the boat, "I wonder if you would care for a drive some day, Miss Grey?"

"A drive?" she repeated the words with innocent surprise.

"Yes," he said, in quite a matter-of fact tone. "I was thinking about that lace-work of yours."

"My work?" she said. What connection could there be between that and a drive?

"Yes; I was thinking of it as I went home the other night."

He had been thinking of her, then. The thought made her heart flutter.

"And it occurred to me that it would help you a great deal if you saw some pictures of old lace, some portraits of the people who used to wear it. They used to have a great deal of it in the Charles's time, didn't they?"

"Yes;" she said, with evident interest, "both the men and the women."

"I thought so," he said, nodding with pleased alacrity. "All over them, pretty nearly. Well, I know a place just out of town where you can see some of those portraits; and, by George! now I come to think of it, some old lace itself—some of the real thing, in glass cases, you know."

"Yes?" she said, leaning forward.

"It's at a place called Hampton Court Palace—but perhaps you've been there?"

Nance shook her head.

"No," she said, "I have heard of it, read about it, but I have never been there. I have been to so few places—none, indeed."

"Well, I was very nearly saying that I was glad you haven't," he said, with his short laugh, "because I should like you to see it and take you there, if you'd care to go."

She sank back slowly, and the tinge of color left her face, in which he read her refusal, for she did not speak for a moment or two. Then she said—

"Oh, no, no! Thank you."

"Why not?" he said, as casually as before, and, as before, looking hard at the water. "Are you thinking of the time you'll waste? It won't be wasted, you know, because you may get all sorts of hints from the pictures and the lace. It's the sort of place you ought to see. And there are others. I believe there's some lace at the Kensington Museum."

"I know," she said in a low voice.

"But there's something else at Hampton Court," he went on. "It's a very jolly place—an old palace, and all that kind of thing; and there are gardens—the flowers would be worth seeing just now, by the way—and the river runs under the wall, and we could get a row——"

He paused, stopped by the tightening of her lips, the half-closed eyes. It was a mute appeal to him. She saw the picture he was drawing, saw it all too plainly, felt in imagination the delight of it all. But still there was refusal in her very attitude.

"Why won't you come?" he asked. And yet they talk of woman's persistence! "Where would be the harm?"

"Harm?" she raised her eyes to his with a sudden questioning, whose innocence smote him.

"Of course not," he said, confidently. "Surely two friends—we are friends, are we not, Miss Grey?—can take a little drive into the country, especially when it is on business. Suppose"—a bright idea struck him—"suppose I wanted some of that old lace copied, and wanted it done accurately couldn't I ask you to go with me and see it? Surely I could!"

She looked from side to side. The sun had sunk, the twilight had deepened. But for the passing of some steamer that snorted up and down the stream, or a lumbering barge that floated vaguely by them, they were alone on the river, that looked vast and wide in the gloaming. A distant church-bell chimed softly; his voice—every note of which formed an echo in her heart—seemed to her to sing in harmony with the bell, the soft plash of the sculls.

"Wouldn't you go, then?" he asked.

"Yes, alone," she said, speaking at last, and in a hushed, half fearful tone.

"Alone!" His voice sank into a note of disappointment. "But—but—well, that would be all very well for you; but, don't you see—don't think me selfish if you can help it—I want to go, too."

"To see old lace?" she murmured incredulously.

"Yes," he responded, with prompt mendacity. "What I said just now has given me an idea. I do want some old lace copied. It's this way. You know, a young fellow, a bachelor, gets a lot of kindness shown him by ladies—old ladies, I mean. They are always asking him to their houses, to their parties, dinners, and all that. And he doesn't find it easy to make any return; because, don't you see, you can't very well ask ladies beyond a certain age to luncheon at the Star and Garter."

"The Star and Garter?" she murmured.

"Yes, at Richmond. It is a very good place for a lunch. There is a splendid view from the terrace; you must——"

He stopped in time. He was going to say, "You must let me take you there."

"Well," he went on, and his voice still "sang" to her pleadingly. "Well, I should like to make one of them especially"—he had Lady Winshire in his mind—"a little present; and there couldn't be anything in the world more appropriate than a copy of old lace—a good copy, such as you make, you know."

"I will go and see it," she said in a low voice.

"Thank you," he said; "but—but I should like to see it, too, and select a piece. Now, it's absurd our going at different times; besides, I should like to have your advice. It's very likely—men are such idiots in such matters—that I should pick out the very worst model; isn't it?"

A slight smile curved Nance's tightened lips.

"It is very likely," she admitted.

"There you are," he exclaimed triumphantly, and as if that settled the question.

But Nance's face still said "No."

He bit his lip, and pulled a vigorous, not to say vicious, stroke.

"I beg your pardon; I'm worrying you. Perhaps you'd rather go alone," he said with all a man's unmercifulness; then, as he said it, his heart smote him, for a look of pain passed over her face, and her lips relaxed and quivered.

In silence he pulled up to the boat-house, shipped the sculls, and helped her ashore.

"Thank you!" Nance murmured, "thank you——"

"For nearly drowning you," he finished with a smile, but with an expression of disappointment in his eyes. "You won't trust yourself to me again, Miss Grey. Well, you are right; I don't deserve that you should after my clumsiness and carelessness this afternoon."

Her face went very pale; she drew her hand from his, and looked away for an instant; then, with an intense appeal in the eyes that met his, she said in a low voice—

"It is not that——"

He waited while she seemed to be trying for words. She went on in a still lower voice—

"I—I will go with you to Hampton Court."

His eyes lit up, and he took her hand again.

"You will? That's right. How good of you!" forcing himself to speak carelessly, for his eagerness had brought the color to her face and an almost frightened look into her eyes. "When shall we go? To-morrow? The weather is very fine now, and—and I should like to have the lace as soon as I can. You see," he smiled "it's quite a matter of business."

"Yes," she said. "Or——"

"Or you would not go? I see! To-morrow, then? I will call for you"—he paused a moment as he thought of the gossip that would arise amongst the dwellers in Eden-row if he drove up to the door—"or perhaps you wouldn't mind meeting me here, say at half-past two o'clock. I'll be here to the minute, just at the top of these steps."

She assented by a motion of her head.

"You will let me see you home?" he asked.

"No, no," she replied. "Good-bye," and went quickly from him.

When she reached home—panting as though she had walked hard, though her pace had slackened as she neared the cottage—she found her father sitting in the arm-chair. He was asleep, and breathing heavily.

She went to him, and laid a hand that trembled on his shoulder. She would tell him of her outing, her expedition with Mr. Bernard, and her promise to go with him on the morrow.

"Father!" her voice quivered.

He roused, and stared up at her with blood-shot eyes, and her hand fell from his shoulder.

"Hallo! Is that you, Nance? I've—I've been half asleep. I've had a devil of a day; been working like a dog. Talk of slaves! I'm a slave, if you like. Where have you been? I want my tea——"

"Yes, father." She turned to the fire and put on the kettle, and began setting the tea-things. "I am sorry I am so late. I've been——"

He rose, stretching himself, and breaking in upon her faltering speech with a yawn.

"Been to get some of your bills in, I hope," he said, morosely. "I want some money."

"No, father, I've been——"

"Why the deuce don't you make them pay up on the nail?" he said, angrily. "You're got no sense, no nous. Any other girl knowing that her father wanted money as badly as I do would take a little trouble. But you don't care. I sha'n't wait for tea; I've got an appointment." He reached for his hat, and went towards the door—none too steadily.

Nance put out her hand as if to stay him.

"Father, I—I want to tell you something," she said, her face pale.

"Well, what is it? Won't it keep till I come back? I sha'n't be long. I don't know, though; I may be late. Don't sit up."

She heard the door slam after him, and for a moment or two with her hands clasped. Then she saw lying on her work-table a square paper parcel. She took it up; it was addressed, in Bernard's public-school scrawl, "To Miss Grey."

She held the parcel in her hand, looking down at it dreamily for a moment; then, almost unconsciously, she raised it to her lips, and kissed the single line of writing.

Bernard walked home. His pulse was beating rapidly; he saw nothing of the houses, the passers-by; he was like a man in the grip of a feverish dream. The sweet, pale face, the violet eyes, were before him all the way. When he reached his rooms he flung his hat aside, and passed his hand over his brow, as a man does whose mind is bewildered by the necessity of coming to a decision.

He lit a cigar, but, after a couple of minutes of fierce smoking, flung it into the grate. He was not a bad man; he was not vicious—not a Lord Stoyle, selfish, unscrupulous; and his conscience smote him, tortured him. Whither was he drifting? And whither, in his drifting, was he leading the innocent girl who trusted him so fully, so completely?

He began to pace the room, his face almost as pale as Nance's had been when she parted from him; and his two angels—the guardian spirit, with wings of heavenly purity, and the black spirit of evil floated at his side. One whispered, "Go back! There is yet time! Retrace your steps! Have pity!" The other whispered, "Where is the harm? All is well!"

Two paths lay before him. The "Primrose Path," studded with flowers, but leading to outer darkness; the Narrow Way, set with thorns and sharp-edged rocks, beyond which lay the broad plains of Right and Honor.

Which would he take? "I will send her a note, tell her I cannot go. I will not see her again," he muttered hoarsely. Then Nance's face rose before him in all its loveliness; the low, sweet voice sang in his ears. Never see her again? Never hear that voice again? Never again? Oh, he could not give her up, could not!

The bright angel with the white wings fled, sorrowing; the dark spirit remained, triumphant.

Yes, he would take her with him on the morrow. Why, had he not promised, and should not a man keep his promise? But it should be the last meeting. After that——

He rang for his man and got dressed. The servant noticed the serious expression on his master's face, and thought, "Been hard hit over the cards or a race, I suppose," and was careful to be very noiseless and attentive.

Bernard asked for his hat and overcoat.

"I shall dine at the club. Do not sit up," he said, absently, as a man speaks whose thoughts are fixed on some all-absorbing subject.

He went down to the Corinthians, and was greeted, as usual, with a warm welcome, and joined three or four men at a table. Just as they were finishing dinner Lord Stoyle sauntered in.

He nodded with his usual cold friendliness to Bernard, and presently suggested baccarat, and, though Bernard had almost resolved not to play again, he joined the others.

He had drunk quite enough champagne at dinner, and his manner was rather more excited than usual; his eyes shone with more than their natural brightness, and his laughter had a strange ring in it.

Lord Stoyle, as they sat down to the card-table, glanced at him with covert scrutiny.

"Let us have some champagne," he said.

One or two of the men demurred, remarking that they had had enough, but Bernard assented with reckless alacrity.

"Yes, and Pommery!" he said.

The champagne was brought, and as the game proceeded he drank glass after glass. Now he was one of those men who can usually stand a great deal of wine, but to-night it seemed to affect him. His play grew wild and careless. So wild that the man who sat next him ventured a remonstrance.

"Have you come into a fortune, Bernie?" he said. "You play as if you'd got the Old Lady of Threadneedle street at your back."

Bernard only laughed as he pushed his last stake across the table to Lord Stoyle.

"The next best thing to winning is losing," he said. "Go on, Stoyle. How slow the game goes! Let them bring us some more champagne."

He lost heavily, and a greater portion of the five hundred pounds which Sir Terence had given him was transferred to Lord Stoyle. It was, as one of the others remarked, "a particularly hot night." But Bernard rose from the table with a reckless laugh and the same bright light in his eyes. For if he had lost heavily, he had, for the time, at any rate, been able to drown the voice of conscience. The evil spirit was smiling at his elbow; he had driven his guardian angel, sorrowing, still farther from him.

CHAPTER X.

Nance sat up late that night—while Bernard was losing his money to Lord Stoyle—reading one of the books he had lent her. It was a novel—a story of love and adventure fairly mixed; but the cleverly-woven plot failed to hold her attention. Her own romance, stranger and more vivid than that of the novel, was thrilling every nerve in her body. In the place of the hero of the story she put Bernard; and the heroine was herself. Every now and then she raised her eyes and looked dreamily into vacancy, calling up the handsome face, listening to the deep, musical voice of the man who had slipped into her dull, gray life like a prince in a fairy story.

What romance that had ever been written could compare with this one of hers, simple as it was? What novel-hero could be the peer of the man whose image had crept into her heart, and sat upon the throne thereof?

All night she lay awake, thinking of yesterday, picturing the morrow. She tried to work through the morning, but in vain; the threads got entangled, the design became blurred as if in a mist.

At half-past two she went to the meeting-place. Half unconsciously, she had dressed herself in her best—a simple enough toilette at that—and, though she did not know it, or think of it, every inch of the slim, graceful, upright figure looked that of a lady.

As she neared the river-side steps she saw a high dog-cart, with a bright-bay horse, standing there.

It looked fearfully grand and awe-inspiring to Nance; and Bernard himself, in his light covert coat, and with that air of "I was born to command," seemed to her something prince-like, and far, very, very far above.

There was no groom, and he dared not get down, though he longed to do so. "Give me your hand," he said, and he skilfully lifted her on to the seat beside him. "I was afraid I was late. Let me put this dust-wrap round you; it's wonderful how dusty one gets. Is that all right?" he asked with respectful solicitude. "Are you quite comfortable? Will you have a cushion behind you? There is a spare one at the bottom of the cart."

Comfortable? A cushion? Nance could scarcely repress a smile.

The greatest luxury in vehicles hitherto had been a hansom, and this "C" spring dog cart, with its curved, softly-padded

back, seemed even too luxurious.

"Yes, I was afraid I was late; then I began to think you had changed your mind, and would not come, after all," he said, as he let the restless, high-spirited horse start.

"I had promised," she said simply. "What a beautiful horse!"

"Do you like it?" he said with a smile, as he flicked an imaginary fly off the horse's near ear. "Yes, she's not a bad one. She can move. Do you like going fast?"

"I don't know," she said in a low voice. "Because, if you do, we will have a spin when we get clear of the streets. What a lovely afternoon! I am glad you came!"

Not much to say, but the words made her heart leap.

He drove carefully—no good driver ever drives carelessly—through the streets, and Nance looked down and round about her with a feeling of wonder. Was she really sitting by his side, driving through London and into the country with him, or was it only a dream?

In due time they left the crowded thoroughfares behind, and Bernard, letting the horse go a little, began to talk to her.

He, too, had been awake a greater part of the night, and had started with a bad headache which he had earned by last night's folly; and his face had been rather pale and haggard when they had started; but the color had come into it now, and—better than the color—its normal brightness.

No wonder that the people looked up at the pair as they flashed past—the handsome well-dressed young fellow, radiant with youth and health and high spirits; and the lovely girl, with soft violet eyes and red-gold hair.

"Now we are getting into the country," he said, as they crossed Richmond Bridge. "This is better than Chelsea, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she breathed, with a long drawn sigh of pleasure. The faint rose tint had come into her face; her eyes were glowing. The horse's hoofs, as they beat on the well-kept road, made music in her ears; the consciousness that he was beside her, his arm touching hers filled her with a vague sense of happiness and—alas!—security. "Ah, yes! How happy they must be, those persons who can live in the country always!"

"I don't know," he said, reflectively. "The place you live in hasn't much to do with it. Do you love the country?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" she said with a sigh that was not altogether sad. He was silent a moment, wondering what she would say if she could see his home in Sparshire, conscious of his longing to take her there.

"Perhaps some day you will live there altogether," he said, scarcely knowing what he said.

She looked at him with gentle surprise.

"That is not likely. It would be too far away from London; too far away from the people I work for."

He nodded, with a slight shadow over his face. That she should not be free to go where she pleased, that she should have to work—to work—instead of leading a life of pleasure like the rest of the women—so much more unworthy—that he knew!

"Never mind; you never know what may happen," he said. "Perhaps some day——" He stopped.

The road grew more countrified with each mile, and with each mile Nance's face grew brighter. Once or twice she laughed at something they passed—an organ-man with a monkey, an overturned barrow—and the laugh was as sweetly spontaneous and unforced as that of a child, and yet had the subtle ring of womanhood in it. The blood was coming warmly through Bernard's veins. He was—yes, happy, happier than he remembered having been for weeks, months, years.

He pointed out all the places and objects of interest, and found a keen, nameless delight in her prompt responsiveness. It was delicious to look down in her lovely face, unspeakably lovely in its sweet, innocent, happy eagerness, and to know that he had afforded her this happiness.

"Becky, my dear," he said, addressing the horse, and unconsciously speaking aloud, "you never did a better day's work."

"What did you say?" said Nance.

He started slightly. "I was speaking to the horse—her name's Becky. Do you like it? She is a most affectionate, good-tempered animal, and I think you'll get quite fond of her when you know her."

Her heart beat fast. Did he mean that she was to go for other drives with him? What did he mean?

A silence fell upon her, and she leaned back and looked about her dreamily.

Every now and then Bernard glanced at her, or stooping, wrapped the dust-cloak more closely round her. It was evident from his eyes, his actions, that she was not out of his thoughts for a moment; and, somehow, with all her innocence, she felt it. In due time they reached the river and the gates of the ancient palace. Nance bent forward, and uttered a faint cry of delight.

Hampton Court—"'Appy 'Ampton," as it is more often called than not is the Cockney's paradise. Thither during the summer months flock thousands from the close airless parts of the Great City. Often on public holidays and on Mondays the pretty, shaded road presents a long procession of vans and carts of all descriptions loaded with holiday makers of the humblest classes. At such times Hampton is anything but "happy" to persons of refinement; though, perchance, the philanthropist might find a joy in watching the unstrained merriment of the vulgar crowd. On these festive occasions the place swarms with Harriets and Harries, who wonder about with their arms round each other's waists, or necks; with interchanged hats and bonnets, with loud laughter, with popular songs, comic and sentimental, bawling from their wide but by no means inexpressive mouths.

But there are other days when Harriet and Harry do not come, when all traces of their presence, in the shape of empty ginger beer bottles and sandwich papers, are carefully gathered up and removed; when a quiet peace brooded over the Palace and its gardens, beside the slowly running river of silver; when the birds sing sweetly, undaunted by comic songs and yells of strident laughter. And then the place is full of a quaint charm; and old world grace makes itself felt; ghosts of dead kings and queens, of noble lords and ladies glide through the state-rooms, with their faded gilding and tapestry, and one meets Henry VIII. and Charles the Martyr, and cardinals in red, floating down the broad staircases.

Bernard, by good luck, had chosen a quiet day, and he and Nance nearly had all Hampton Court Palace to themselves. There was only a small family party—stout father and stouter mother, dragging an open-eyed and peppermint-drop-munching lad after them—to be seen, and Bernard led Nance from room to room, from gallery to gallery, as undisturbed by the outer world as if the Palace was his private residence.

It is difficult to imagine the effect of the place its surroundings, upon a sensitive, imaginative girl like Nance.

The moments flew by "on wings of golden light." Her whole being was suffused with happiness, and she was so absorbed in the delight of the place, in the unconscious joy of Bernard's presence, the touch of his hand on her arm, his voice, pitched low and eager—eager to minister to her pleasure—hers!—that she forgot all about the lace.

She stopped in the middle of one of the state-rooms, with a sudden cry of self-reproach and dismay, and Bernard, thinking she had slipped and sprained her foot, stretched out his hand and caught her arm.

"What is the matter?"

"The lace! Oh, I have forgotten it," she said, open-eyed with remorse.

He laughed with relief.

"By George! I thought you had hurt yourself somehow," he said. "The lace? Oh, yes, of course! Didn't you see it on the portraits? There was that one of Charles, and all those women——"

"Yes, but it was so vague," she said. "You said there was some real lace—in cases, you know."

He looked round vaguely.

"So there is, somewhere. Or there used to be. I can remember seeing it when I was a youngster. I suppose they've put it away. I'll ask."

He looked round for an attendant.

"Will you sit down and rest for a minute, while I run downstairs to the hall-porter. I daresay he'll know where it is. Sit there in that old chair; it looks comfortable. It looks like a throne."

He took her hand, laughing, but with real homage and devotion in his eyes, and led her to her seat.

"Rest, my queen!"

Nance shrank from the gilded chair for a second, but he gently forced her arm, and she sank down and leant back, with half-closed eyes and a sigh "of sweet content."

Oh, if the day could only last for ever! How good he was, how kind, how thoughtful! If she were a queen, indeed, instead of a poor work girl, he could not be more attentive, more reverential. She closed her eyes and let her head rest on her hand, the better to think of him.

Then she heard footsteps, and thinking that he had returned—for she had lost count of the minutes, and did not realize how few they were since he had gone—she opened her eyes and sat up with a start.

Almost in front of her stood a tall, thin gentleman, beautifully dressed, with an orchid in his button-hole, and lavender kid gloves on his hands—just one of those men whom she sometimes saw lounging in the Park. He stood, affecting to be examining the picture above her head; but Nance felt his eyes—they were light ones, with a cynical expression, which was none the pleasanter for a cold admiration which made her face burn—scutinising her.

"I am afraid I disturb you," he said, in the tone of one or his class when they intend to be "pleasant" to a girl of a lower rank than their own. "You were asleep, were you not? May I hope you will forgive me?"

Nance half rose, then looked away from him, her face cold and pale.

"You were asleep, were you not?" he said, drawing a step nearer and smiling—the smile that is an insult. "For a moment I thought that it was one of the nymphs that had fallen from the painted ceiling."

Nance rose again, and again sank down, looking towards the door with nervous eagerness. Would Bernard never come back?

"Oh, don't be offended," said the persecutor, "or I shall pay too dearly for a glimpse of those bright eyes."

With a faint cry, Nance rose fully to her feet and remained standing this time; her hands clasped, but her slight figure drawn to its full height.

"How—how dare you!" she panted. "How dare you speak to me!"

He smiled with effected dismay, and, with a mock gesture of despair, was about to speak again, when Bernard entered the room.

With a cry, Nance sprang to his side and caught his arm, her face, burning with indignation, turned towards the man who had insulted her.

"What!" exclaimed Bernard, his hands clenching, his eyes flashing upon the other man. Then the blood rushed to his face and rushed back again, leaving it white with fury.

"Lord Stoyle!" he exclaimed between his teeth.

CHAPTER XI.

"LORD STOYLE!" exclaimed Bernard. Lord Stoyle started back a step, his natural paleness growing into a deeper pallor, and the two confronted each other as two men do when furious indignation burns in one man's heart and malignant hate in the other. If they had belonged to a lower grade of society, they would have sprung at each other there and then; if they had lived a century ago their swords would have flashed out; but in these days gentlemen cannot fall to fisticuffs, and we do not wear swords or fight duels now. We drag our opponents in the law courts instead.

But though gentlemen do not fight, Bernard's hands were clenched, and there was a look in his eyes which the hunter sees in the lion's when he is about to spring, and Nance, as she clung to his arm, her fingers opening and shutting spasmodically, saw the look and understood it, and uttered a faint cry of alarm.

The cry restrained Bernard, and recalled him to himself, and the fact of her presence.

He put his hand on hers to hold it on his arm, and in a tone of forced calm said in a low voice—

"Come with me." Then, addressing Lord Stoyle, he added in a still lower voice, "Stay where you are!"

There was an ante-room adjoining the state apartment in which they stood, and Bernard led her into it, and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, and wait for me for a few minutes," he said.

Nance dropped into the chair, and clasped her hands.

"What—what are you going to do? You will not go back to him! Oh, you will not!"

He let his hand touch her arm lightly, protestingly.

"For a moment only," he said gently.

"No, no!" she panted, clasping her hands on his arm. "No, no! You will not quarrel with him? No, no; do not go!"

"Don't be afraid," he said still more gently, and with a smile; "I shall not quarrel. But—well, I must speak to him; a few words only. I must! Wait; do not move!"

With all his tenderness, there was that subtle tone of command which few women an disobey, especially when it is used by the man they love. She shrank back and covered her face with her hands.

Bernard stood beside her for a moment—her grief and dismay added fire to his fury—then went out, closing the door of ante-room softly behind him.

Lord Stoyle had thrown himself into a chair, crossed his legs, and fixed his eyeglass in his eye; and, though the pallor was still in his face, he looked up, as Bernard entered, with a sarcastic smile.

"I have waited, as you have requested; Yorke," he said in his low drawling voice, "you wish to speak to me, I presume."

Bernard's breath came almost too fast to allow him to speak for a moment. At last he managed to gain self-control.

"Yes," he said sternly, his stalwart form towering over the other man. "I have come for your apology, Lord Stoyle."

Lord Stoyle raised his eyebrows, thereby dropping his glass, stopped to refix it, then drawled—

"Apology? What for? Why should I apologize?"

"Because you have insulted a woman," said Bernard, the words flashing out like a sword. "That may not seem sufficient cause to you; probably it may be so frequent a habit to insult an unprotected girl as to appear of no consequence. If that is so, I have to teach you a lesson."

Lord Stoyle's cold, gray eyes flickered.

"Unprotected?" he said, with a sneer that indicated the conventional significance of the word. "The—er—young lady seems to possess a very zealous protector."

"You are right. She has," flashed back Bernard.

"Quite so," assented Lord Stoyle, with a more pronounced sneer. "But we are not play-acting on the stage of a theatre; and you can't knock my head off."

An ominous look came into Bernard's eyes; it said quite plainly, "Do not be too sure of that."

"What are the facts of the case? I happen to run down here to see my brother, whose regiment is quartered in the Palace; he happens to be out, and I while away the time by strolling through the rooms. I chance to see a pretty girl——"

Bernard's eyes flashed at the covert insolence of the tone in which "pretty girl" was spoken, and his hands itched almost beyond endurance.

"Apparently alone, and—er—'unprotected,' as you put it. I address a few civil words to her——"

"You insult her, you coward!" Bernard broke out, but still in a suppressed voice, so that no sound should reach the trembling Nance in the adjoining room. Never for a moment did he forget her.

Lord Stoyle's lips twitched.

"That's your opinion," he said. "It's just how one looks at it. 'Pon my soul, Yorke, I don't see that I've done anything unusual."

His drawl was slower, more cynical, at every word. "What does a pretty girl sitting alone in a public place like this expect?"

"From such as you—nothing but insult."

"Just so. If you like to call it by that melodramatic term," sneered Lord Stoyle. "How was I to know that she had a friend, a 'protector,' round the corner?"

"No; or you would not have dared to treat her as you did!" said Bernard, between his teeth.

"That is as it may be," drawled Lord Stoyle. "Anyway, I shouldn't have spoken to her. How was I to know that she disliked a man addressing her? Most girls of the class I thought she belonged to don't object. They rather like it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WELL PUNISHED.—The Pittsburg Dispatch tells how a "railroad hog" was punished the other day. He had piled the space next to him in a car seat with his bundles, and when a gentleman asked him if any one was to occupy it, he replied that the bundles belonged to a man who was temporarily in the smoking car.

"All right," said the gentleman, "I will sit in the seat till he comes," and he proceeded to remove the bundles.

Pretty soon the owner of the bundles arrived at his destination and he started to gather up his effects.

But the gentleman at once put a veto on this, with the remark:

"You can't take these bundles: you yourself said they belonged to a man in the smoker."

The fellow got mad and abusive, but the gentleman was inexorable.

Finally the conductor was called in, who delivered his dictum as follows: "If the bundles are not claimed by anyone on the train, then, by coming around to the depot to morrow and identifying them satisfactorily we will give them to you."

The man's face was as red as fire with rage, and he shook like gelatine, but he could do nothing. So, amid the laughter of the passengers, he rushed out of the car to jumped off just as the train was pulling out from the station. And he meekly came around to the depot for his bundles the next day, but swore revenge upon the man who played such a practical joke upon him.

FALSE LOVE AND TRUE.

BY S. E. B.

What is ruddier than the cherry,
Sweeter than the eglantine—
What will make the heart grow merry
Sooner even than the vine—
But love, true love!

What is deadlier than the laurel?
What more bitter than the rue?
What more terrible in quarrel,
Still to linger all life through,
Than love, false love?

To the Diggings.

BY G. R. W.

WHEN the gold fever broke out in Australia, its ravages were by no means confined to the continent, but spread across Bass's Strait and visited the good people of Tasmania. Lawyers, parsons, doctors, all sorts and conditions of men, were "bitten," and I myself, although in the enjoyment of a lucrative Government appointment, failed to escape the attack, and must needs throw up my situation and take to pick and shovel.

Many a time and oft have I been in danger and difficulties during my rambles in the Colonies, but I never came so near being "wiped out" as I did at the commencement of my search for the "shiny metal."

When you have argued yourself into the belief that "digging" is your "forte," and when, moreover, you have become thoroughly imbued with the idea that no man is so peculiarly adapted, either physically or morally, for a digger's life as yourself, your next care is to find a man whom you can trust to help you to guard the countless treasures you feel certain you are about to gather together. Such a one I found in Jim Ward, a man who held a good position in the same service as myself, and who, from his thrifty habits, would most likely be well able to pay his share of the initial expenses.

At that time of which I am writing I was actually, if not nominally, at the head of the forces organized for the capture of the Bushrangers. Ward held an inferior position to myself, though by no means a poor one, and I had had many opportunities of noticing his pluck and determination.

The gold mania is fearfully contagious. In half an hour's chat I talked over Ward to my scheme, and the next day we sent in our resignations.

A steamer was to leave Hobart Town in a few days for Melbourne, so we secured a berth each in her saloon, and on the day appointed we steamed down the glorious river Derwent in the teeth of a "roaring" sea-breeze. From Hobart Town harbor—one of the deepest in the world—to "the Heads," the Derwent is in reality an arm of the sea, so that we had it pretty rough before we had gone many miles.

I am and always was a wretched sailor, and, after holding on to a firm support on deck for an hour or two and chewing without any cessation, till my teeth were black and my tongue raw, the cloves a friend had given me, I was obliged to give in and struggle to my cabin. There I found Ward in the bottom bunk, rolled up in a 'possum-rug and undergoing the agonies of mal de mer. A wretched night we passed.

Morning came at last, and with it the steward to announce breakfast. Breakfast indeed! I could have strangled the fellow had I not been so prostrate. When he saw how miserably helpless we were, he hastened to comfort us by telling us that we were now on an even keel, and in a short time should reach Swan Island, where if we chose, we might land for half-an hour or so. The prospect of a quiet sit-down ashore so roused me that with the aid of the steward and some brandy-and-water I managed to dress myself. We had hard work to get poor Ward out; but before we reached the island we were both on deck ready for the shore.

Looking back now, I really cannot say that the stroll along the white dazzling beach was worth the trouble of securing, and the mournful manner in which our shore trip ended makes it anything but a pleasant episode to remember.

We had sat down on a grassy knoll, when the ubiquitous steward came hurrying along, and, catching sight of us, stopped to ask Ward if he knew what he was sitting on.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Ward, "and, if it was my best friend's grave, I don't think I could move."

"Well, it is a grave," returned the steward. "A poor fellow died a few voyages ago, and we buried him here."

"What was the matter with him?" I asked.

"Only sea sickness," was the melancholy answer.

Oh, gracious! I felt all the symptoms again; and poor Ward refused to be comforted.

"Look here, Harry," said he—"if I go under—and I feel precious like it—don't let them pitch me overboard."

And so, with mutual promises to look after each others remains, we linked arm in arm, and crawled off for our ship.

We landed at Melbourne, knowing nothing whatever about the town, and robbed by sea-sickness of the little 'cuteness we ever had. So full was the place of men going to and coming from the diggings that accommodation was not to be found at any of the hotels, and were standing in Great Bourke Street discussing the advisability of returning as soon as possible to Van Diemen's Land, when a man came up and asked if we wanted lodgings, "cause if you do come along."

Accordingly we "com'd along," and, after following him for some distance, he at length brought us to a good sized house in Little Bourke Street.

Showing us into a room with nothing in it but a dozen stretchers, he pointed to the two farthest away, and announced that we might have them for a pound apiece for the night, and two "feeds" thrown in.

We agreed to his terms, which now a days might seem a little exorbitant, but which, at a time when men were wont to pay for the commonest articles with nuggets of gold, were really moderate. Ward started off to the steamer to convoy up our luggage, while I stretched myself on one of the much prized—or rather priced—beds and gazed vacantly up at the ceiling. I had been engaged some little time in this harmless but interesting occupation when a tall individual wearing a "goatee" beard, and trousers tucked into his top-boots, stalked in, and took possession of the next bed.

"Good day, stranger," he said. "You're a new chum, I guess; air you for the diggings?"

Before I could reply he had jerked out half a dozen other questions, but, as I saw he would probably go on "jerking" for the next hour or so, provided only I did not interrupt him, I vouchsafed never an answer. But even a Yankee cannot go on for ever, and he wound up with a request that I should make myself agreeable by joining in a mild game of euchre.

Now whether it was that some of his remarks about the simplicity of my looks aroused in me a desire to show my 'cuteness, or whether an "innate love of having" suggested that I might transfer some of his dollars to my pocket, I know not; certain it is we drew our stretchers closer together, and began to play the highly popular game of euchre. We were to play for five shillings a game, and bet on the color.

"Red I back," said I.

"Right you air, stranger—it's your'n;" and my opponent, who was dealing, turned up the right "bower" of diamonds.

But, if I did win on the color, now and again, the Yankee turned up "bowers," and held such good hands that I lost game after game.

Two sovereigns had already found their way into my friend's pocket, when I began to fancy I was being "rooked," so I kept my "weather-eye" open.

Pretending to be gazing towards the window as he dealt, I clearly saw him, instead of turning up the proper card, slip one from the bottom of the pack; and, when I looked to see the "deck-head," as the "turn-up" was called, sure enough there was a "bower."

"Air you gwine to stand, stranger, or do you pass?"

"I scarcely know," said I, leaning forward, as if to look at his "bower" more closely. Before he could forestall me I had the pack in my hands, and leisurely observed, "I'm going to see how many 'bowers' you've got here."

Without saying a word he bounded off the bed and made for the door, but, as luck would have it, ran right into Ward's arms. Before he could clear himself I had fastened on, and brought him back for a reckoning.

As might have been expected, we found seven jacks altogether at the bottom of the pack; and then I remembered that my friend never cut the cards to me, but only tapped them in approved euchre style, while to square matters I suppose, he put the wrong heap on top when I did cut them. We made him turn out what money he had won from me; and, cautioning him not try his tricks again on Derwenters—as we Van Diemenians are called—we let him go. He gave us a hearty curse as he disappeared, and added that he would be "quits" before long.

Melbourne was scarcely the place to sojourn in for any length of time, when one had to pay a pound a night for such accommodations as we enjoyed. I could have managed had I had the bed to myself, but, when I had to share it with swarms of hungry vermin, it certainly was unpleasant.

No wonder we turned out at the faintest suspicion of daylight, and, while Ward remained to pack up and guard our "traps," I started off to look for a guide. My efforts were successful, and for the sum of ten pounds one Billy Glass agreed to pilot us to Daisy Hill. The said Mr. Glass was to make himself generally useful—in other words, was to yoke up the bullocks, light fires, etc.—and for every day over three weeks was to pay us back ten shillings. I left him to choose a good team while we completed our other purchases; and by making great exertions we were able to start that same afternoon.

Through the dangers and difficulties of the bush road Billy steered us in a most workmanlike manner, and when seventeen days had passed we drew near enough to dismiss him. We gave him an extra five pounds; and certainly I don't think fifteen pounds was too much for the amount of swearing he had to go through. Strawberry, or Blossom, or some other member of the bullock team, was always getting out of order, and could only be brought back to the track and his duty by a free use of whip and tongue, the latter being rather the more important of the two.

We were now within easy distance of our promised land, and an hour or two's journey on the morrow would bring us to the Commissioner's tent, where we could take out our claim and start digging as soon as we pleased.

How well I remember the "turn-out" next morning! Armed with a resolute spirit and a big bullock-whip, Ward essayed to yoke up our four oxen, while I, spurred on by a keen appetite, made frantic efforts to boil the "billy." How that confounded smoke did follow me about! No matter to which side of the fire I went, up came the smoke in my face, till at last I had to retire to get a little breath and wipe our streaming eyes. Then it was that I noticed how Ward was handling his bullocks.

How gently he expostulated with Blossom, and how he "wo-come-here'd" poor Strawberry, until that usually sagacious steer was as much muddled as the new teamster himself! The crisis came when, in trying to fix the pin of the yoke, poor Ward missed the hole, and down the ponderous fabric came, partly on his toe and partly on Blossom's hoof. Blossom became a free rover immediately, and Ward, yelling out, leapt about with his injured member tightly grasped in his hand. Our united efforts were at length successful. The tea was made, the bullocks were yoked, and we discussed our breakfast with an appetite to be acquired only by an open air life.

Stretched on some of the packs, enjoying our after-breakfast pipes, we were sketching out our plans for the future; when I suddenly espied a face peering at us over a log-fence some few yards away. Soon it disappeared, and another and another popped up at irregular intervals along the fence.

"Oh, these gum suckers are so precious saucy," said Ward, when I pointed them out; "they haven't any manners about 'em."

Presently one appeared quite close to us and, turning to his companions, said, "Them's the coves; one of 'em's got a red beard."

"That's you, Ward," I said. "I wonder what they can want?"

And now another mob began to line a little height on our right, and I knew they meant mischief, for each of them carried a weapon of some description.

"By Jove!" said Ward, sitting up—"there's that blessed Yankee;" and sure enough one of the most conspicuous amongst the mob was my euchre friend.

I could see at once that robbery was not their intention—there were too many of them for that; but that they had some sinister designs upon us I could hardly doubt even if I had not seen the card-sharper amongst them.

"Lie still, Jim," I whispered; "don't make any fuss."

My caution came just in time. The next minute they were down upon us, and in less time than it takes me to write it we were their prisoners.

"Now, boxers," said the Yankee, "I've did my duty. Them's the coons as did for poor Jack Higgins—and reg'lar smart 'uns they air, you bet. This is the cove," pointing to me, "as did for me down below, and I guess he had his eyes skinned, or he wouldn't ave did it, he wouldn't. What air you gwine to do—lynch 'em?"

"I vote for lynch law," said one of the minor ruffians—"and let's look smart about it!"

"Avast there!" cried a sailor looking fellow. "Fair play's a jewel! Let's take 'em afore the Commissioner. This Yankee Sam can swear to 'em all regular like, and if they're guilty they're bound to swing."

"Yankee Sam swear to us—bound to swing!"

I felt a cold sensation all over, and a choking feeling in my throat.

After a rather stormy discussion, in which both the sailor and the Yankee treated us to some choice rhetorical oaths, it was agreed that the meeting should be adjourned to the Commissioner's tent.

We were bundled into our dray, our "traps" thrown after us, and off we started our escort swelling considerably as we neared the point selected. Often we had protested, had demanded to know what was laid to our charge, and had been politely requested to "stow our jaw."

That the Yankee was having his revenge was only too plain, but that he would have the audacity, before the Commissioner, to charge us with murder—to which crime he had alluded in speaking of our "doing for Jack Higgins"—I really did not for a moment suppose.

We reached the tent at last, after having been nearly jolted to pieces owing to the unskillful driving of our Jehu, and speedily found ourselves before the Government official. He was a tall spare man with an eye like a hawk, just the man, I should fancy, who could keep a lot of roughs in order.

"So these are the fellows, are they?" he began, eyeing us critically. "How are you going to plead?"

"Plead?" said Ward. "We plead entire ignorance of everything that's going on. I don't know who you are, why we're here, or what crime we're charged with."

Here a yell burst from the mob, and when peace was restored our judge—for such in reality he was—informed us that he was Her Majesty's Gold Commissioner for the district of Daisy Hill, and that we were charged, on the evidence of Samuel Green, with having broken into the tent of one John Higgins, and stolen therefrom one thousand ounces of gold, ill treating the man so badly that he died next morning.

Without waiting to hear our reply, he proceeded to the election of the jury, of whom, I was pleased to see, the Yankee did form one, and, further, they really were twelve decent-looking men.

The evidence against us began by the Commissioner's clerk reading "John Higgins's" dying declaration, in which he swore that he had heard one man call the other "Ward." It went on to say that he did not know how many men there were, but that he saw, by a flash of the lantern that one man carried, a tall man with "goatee" beard and long top-boots. He described accurately a mark by which some of the stolen nuggets might be recognized; and with this description the deposition ended.

Next, Yankee Sam was brought up, and, as he prepared to give his evidence, the unruly mob was as quiet as possible.

With a fiendish cunning that I never gave the man credit for, he began to weave round us a net from the meshes of which escape seemed impossible. He narrated how first he had made our acquaintance some six months before in Melbourne—how we had "sharped" him out of all his money—how little by little we had drawn him on till we had forced him to join in a robbery—how ultimately he escaped from us, and, coming to Daisy Hill some few days before, had resolved to become a steady digger.

Then he went on to show how we had met him just outside the clearing, told him of the wealth hidden in Higgin's tent, and, by threatening to "split" on him about the Melbourne affair—which, in other words, meant hanging him—forced him to join in the attempt. Here the wretch's voice actually faltered; and, brushing his hands across his eyes, he went on—

"Ye see, sir, they kinder promised not to hurt Jack, and I was to have ten pounds and some dust to introduce them to him. Wall, they kim in about dusk; and the long and the short of it wor that they didn't wait for no introduction. They

hung about in my tent till dark, and then with a knife at my throat I showed 'em the way. In spite of all I could do, they just tuk and run their bowies into Higgins stick, and when I stood between them the fellow without any hair on his face gave me this to remember him." Here he pointed to a cut on his forehead. "And now, sir, I've made a clean breast on it, and I guess you'll give me the pardon as was promised on them bills."

I looked in the direction he indicated, and saw, for the first time a notice intimating that one hundred pounds reward would be given for information leading to the conviction of the murderers; but that, if the person giving such information had been concerned in the robbery, and not in the murder, he would be admitted Queen's evidence.

Without taking any notice of the appeal contained in the witness's closing words, the Commissioner asked us if we wished to put any questions. Ward took upon himself to be cross-examiner.

"When did you see us first in Melbourne?"

"Wall, as near as I can guess, I should say six months ago."

"You'll swear to that?"—"Yes, I'll sw'ar to that."

"And now, Mr. Green," Ward went on, "perhaps you can tell us what became of the gold."

"Wall, I guess you know best. Maybe you've got some of it stowed in your 'traps'; though I guess you're too 'cute for that."

Here the Commissioner ordered our "traps" to be brought in and searched, and there, sure enough, in one of our flour-bags, were three or four nuggets marked precisely as Higgins had said. This settled the case at once. The jury announced that they had agreed to the verdict of "guilty," and the mob clamored for the sentence.

When order had been restored, the Commissioner gave us the opportunity of making our defence, and Ward again acted as spokesman. He first told the Court who we were; denied in toto the evidence given by Green; related briefly and clearly the euchre episode, and ended by asking for time to find our late driver, and to produce witnesses to identify us.

To all this the Court listened patiently, and, when Ward had finished speaking, our judge began.

"Prisoners, after a fair and patient trial by jury, you have been found guilty of robbery and murder—and with the verdict I entirely agree. The sentence for either crime is death. I can hold out to you no hope of mercy. In two days from this, at six in the morning, you will be hanged by the neck till your bodies be dead—and may the Lord have mercy on your souls! Samuel Green you have been admitted Queen's evidence—you are pardoned."

Ward was one of the strongest-minded men that I ever knew, but, when he heard those awful words, he fainted like a girl, and was caught by one of the officers. I was of a more hopeful temperament, and had not yet grasped the awful reality of the situation Surely, I thought, some one will turn up who knew us in Van Diemen's Land; but, as the long hours of the sultry summer days crept along, and no friend came, despair began to take possession of me.

The last night had arrived. Words fail me to describe its horrors. To die an ignominious death—to leave this world that never seemed so fair as now—to give up life when its pulses were throbbing with the full strength of health and manhood—to hear amid my dying agonies the jeers and execrations of a cruel mob, and through it all to know that I was innocent—the thought of all this nearly drove me mad.

When they came that morning to put us on the hurdles that were to be our conveyances to the gallows, poor Ward's glossy black locks had turned as white as the driven snow; but he held up his head as proudly and boldly as ever, as he said—

"Never mind, Harry, old fellow; let's die like men."

An eager mob was waiting for us outside. Volunteers were easily found to be our bearers, and as we started the wretch who had brought us into this trouble sidled up to me and whispered—

"Stranger, I guess you'd 'pass this hand' if you could. I said I'd be quits."

Ward was praying earnestly; but not one prayer could I offer up. I felt that I must look my last on the trees and the grass and flowers that had always been old friends to me. I saw the tall gum-tree, and the golden blossoms of the wattle, the delicate perfume of which floated to us on every breeze. I saw through the summer morning's haze the dim distant hills, looking as blue as the sky above us: I saw beyond them, far, far away into the old, old country of my boyhood. Again I knelt at my mother's knee, and the prayer she taught me came back after so many years, and I murmured it softly.

But now our bearers had halted. We were beneath the trees that were to form our gallows. The halters had been fixed around our necks, and men were climbing to pass them over a projecting limb. I had said "good-bye" to my old friend. I gave one last look around to see if Mercy had indeed deserted us, when—great Heavens! —my eyes met those of Jacob Winsome, my faithful old district constable. He recognized me instantly, sprang through the mob, and the next moment stood beside me.

"Mr. Berrington, is it you?" I didn't hear any more; I swooned on his shoulder, and when I came to we were back in the guard-tent.

Fortunately for us, Winsome had been passing, on his way to his own claim, some miles away, and had turned aside to see "the row." He identified us at once, stated that he had seen us in Van Diemen's Land not three months before, and that, if a messenger were sent to "Flat Top," his mate would be found, and would corroborate all that he had said.

"Bring Green here," said the Commissioner.

But Mr. Green was nowhere to be found. We were speedily released, and, from being cursed by every one, we were now objects of universal pity.

I have said so much about our getting to the diggings that I have no room to tell how we got on, or how I kept a vow I had registered concerning one Samuel Green. I may tell some other time how that gentleman and myself came together again, how the mystery of the gold being found in our "traps," was explained, and how fully and completely the Yankee card-sharper was punished for his many crimes.

FLOWERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

In the days of my childhood, says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, we did not wait for the buttercup to open, to learn whether we "loved butter;" the soft, dimpled chin of each child was held up, as had been those of other children for past decades, to catch the yellow reflection of the first dandelion on the pinky throat. When the dandelola had lost her golden locks, and had grown old and gray, the children still plucked the downy heads, the "clocks" or blowballs, and blew upon the head "to see whether my mother wants me," or to learn the time o' the day.

The yellow disk, or "button," which was formed by stripping off the white rays of the common ox-eye daisy, made a pretty pumpkin pie for the dolls' table. A very effective and bilious old lady, or "daisy grandmother," was made by clipping off the rays to shape the border or ruffle of a cap, leaving two long rays for strings, and marking in a grotesque old face with pen and ink. A dusky face, called with childish plainness of speech a "nigger head," could be made in like fashion from the "black-eyed Susan" or "yellow daisy." The dicentra (bleeding-heart, or lady's ear-drops, we called it), had long, gracefully drooping racemes of bright red pink flowers, which when pulled apart and straightened out, made fairy gondolas; or which might be twisted into a harp and bottle. The poppy pericarps made dishes and cups for dolls' tea-tables; the hollyhocks furnished food in their mucilaginous cheeses, and the insipid akenes of the sunflower and seeds of pumpkins swelled the feast. A daintier morsel, a drop of honey, could be sucked from the curved spur of the columbine, and the scarlet-and-yellow trumpet or the coral honey-suckle, mellifluous of name, as well as from the tubes of the heads of clover. We ate rosy-leaves also, and grass roots, and smarting peppergrass.

The gnarled plum trees at the end of the garden exuded beautiful crystals of gum; void or settings, these pellucid gems could be stuck directly on the fingers or on the tip of the ear. And when our vanity was sated, we swallowed the jewels. We gathered eagerly the "jack-in-the pulpit," whose singularity of aspect seems always to attract the attention of children, and by pinching it at the base of the flower made it squeak, "made Jack preach." The morning-glory could be blown up and popped, and the canterbury-bell. We placed rose petals and certain tender leaves over our lips, and drew in the centers for explosion.

"The umbrellas are out!" call country children in spring, when the peltate leaves of the May-apple spread their umbrella-shaped lobes, and the little girls gather them, and also the leaves of the wild sarsaparilla, for dolls' parasols. The spreading head of what we called "snake grass" could also be tied into a very effective miniature parasol. There is no sense of caste among children when in a field or garden; all are equally well dressed when "bedizened and brocaded" with garden finery. Green leaves can be pinned with their stems into fantastic caps and bonnets; foxglove fingers can be used as gloves; the blossoms of the jewelweed make pretty earrings; and the dandelion and daisy chains are not the only necklaces—the lilac and larkspur chains and pretty little circlets of phlox are proudly worn; and strings of rose-hips end the summer.

Seeds were gathered as the children's spoils; those of the garden balsam, to see them burst, or to feel them curl up in the hand like living creatures; those, also, of the balsam's cousin, the jewelweed, to watch them snap violently open—hence its country name of touch-me-not and snapweed. Imaginary miniature likenesses were found in the various parts of many flowers: the naked pistil and stamens of one were "a pair of tongs;" another had a seed ovary which was a "lady," a very stout lady with extending hoops. The heartsease had in its center a "devil in his chariot." A single petal of the columbine with attached sepals, was a hovering dove, and the whole flower formed a little dish with a ring of pigeon-heads bending within. There were many primitive inks and staining juices that could be expressed, and milks and gums that exuded, from various plants; and each summer's round saw these stains and resins tried by every child.

A SPARK PUT OUT.—When P. T. Barnum was a young man, he paid impetuous attentions to a young lady living in Newtown. Being a son of poor but honest parents, he was obliged to walk over to the village which contained his adored on the Sunday nights that he visited her. When there he labored under another awkward disadvantage. The young lady's father conceived a singular and most violent dislike to the amiable embryotic showman. This necessitated extreme caution on the part of the lover—and he was equal to the emergency as a matter of course. His ingress to the house was by a window on the second floor, which he reached by springing from the cover of a cistern curb, and catching hold of the window ledge. His egress was effected by hanging full length from the ledge, and then dropping to the cistern cover, a fall of about six inches. One Sunday he took with him on the visit a young man who now carries his silvered hairs behind a Danbury grocery-counter. They reached the place, the young lady saw the signal, opened the window, and the famous Barnum sprang up into bliss. The young man was to amuse himself about the village till the hour of departure. He amused himself. It doesn't seem possible anybody could be so brutal, but that young man actually removed the cover to the cistern. Then he sat down by the fence and ate currants and calmly waited for the result. P. T. finished his sparking and backed out of the window the full length his hands would permit. "Good-bye!" he gasped in a whisper, as he prepared to drop. "Good-bye, Phinny!" she whispered back. Then he let go, and instantly shot from sight into a yawning abyss of darkness and rain-water; and if he had been of solid iron heated to a white glow, he could not have created more of a commotion in striking the water. It is not necessary to repeat what Mr. Barnum said, both when crawling out of the cistern and during the eight miles' walk home.

A PECULIAR COW.—A Mr. Wood, who lives near Hood's Mill, Ga., owns a peculiar milch cow. She is just an ordinary black cow, but is so much attached to Mr. Wood's children that she does not like to be separated from them. If the children are at home the cow will stay in a pasture with a fence three feet high; but, if the children are taken away, she will throw down even high fences in order to follow them. At different times when the cow would be in the pasture Mr. Wood has slipped the children away from home, but when she came up and missed them she would get out and track them as a dog would do until she found them, when she would follow wherever they went.

SIR ROBERT BALL, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, is said to believe that the time is approaching when posterity will be able to construct machinery that will be operated with heat obtained by the direct action of the sun's rays.

Scientific and Useful.

MATTING.—Pneumatic matting, for use under stair carpets, is a recent invention. It saves the carpet, and reduces the noise made in ascending or descending the stairs.

IVORY.—As the supply of ivory is becoming short, billiard balls of cast steel are being used in Sweden. By making them hollow the weight is made to correspond with that of ivory balls.

SPECTROSCOPE.—A spectroscope detector by which one part of blood in a solution of 850,000 parts can be discovered has been invented by M. de Thierry. It will be of value in murder cases where the stains are very minute.

JOURNAL BOXES.—There is a glass factory in Liverpool which has glass journal boxes for all its machinery, glass shingles on the roof, and a chimney 165 ft. high, built entirely of glass bricks, each a foot square, and a glass floor.

SURGERY.—Surgical instruments are now being "forged entirely of steel," and are so jointed that they can be easily taken to pieces and boiled—to kill germs or microbes, as it is believed that boiling water or steam will kill any germ.

NEW CANDLE.—A new candle has been brought out which extinguishes itself in an hour. This it does by means of a tiny extinguisher of tin, which is fastened in the wax by wires, and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is again ready to burn another hour.

NEW OPERA GLASSES.—A French optician has recently brought out an entirely new kind of field or opera glass, which may be folded up flat and carried in the pocket. It has no tube or barrel whatever, the object glass and eyepiece are hinged at either end, and to the underside of a horizontal bar, which is capable of being lengthened or shortened by a simple ratchet and pinion adjustment.

Farm and Garden.

EXPERIENCE.—A lesson learned from experience is seldom forgotten. There is no way of getting at the details like that of daily supervision and active work. Experience points out how to avoid mistakes.

STOCK KEEPING.—The first object in keeping stock for the market is to secure growth. Get good size and large frame, and then fatten. Feeding fattening foods to growing stock is not economical, as fat is not a necessity with them.

ENSILAGE.—Ensilage is a healthy food for all farm animals; it has no bad influence on milk or butter; it is digestible, and the cows relish it; there is less loss in saving corn in the silo than curing in the field; the one has the more feeding value than the other; it is as good six months after making as when fresh.

WHAT TO DO.—Farming should not be confined to grass, grain and potatoes. Fruit brings good prices when other crops may be low. Apples have been very high in price for three years past, and the prospects are that the supply will fall far short of the demand this year. A plot of land devoted to an apple orchard should prove a profitable investment for the future.

THE DAIRY.—The dairy brings a revenue which is always cash and almost continuous. It helps maintain the fertility of the farm; its product, if good, has seldom to seek a buyer; it exhibits more vitality in times of depression than almost any other product that the farmer sells; but the average farmer studies improvement in all other lines before he takes an interest in the business of making butter.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—Artesian wells are causing great changes in the agricultural prospects of Queensland, Australia and New South Wales. Large tracts which have hitherto been liable to occasional disastrous droughts have become valuable for pastoral and agricultural purposes since the hidden reservoirs have been tapped by artesian wells. A single investment company has expended about $150,000 in this way and obtained over 5,000,000 gallons of water per day. So abundant is the supply that 30,000,000 gallons daily are allowed to run in waste.

LUNG COMPLAINTS—BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, &c., are speedily relieved and if taken in time, permanently cured by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. You will find in it also a certain remedy for Coughs and Colds.

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On Parental Blindness.

The cry of the age is for collective action. "Two heads are better than one," ran the old proverb. The modern hope takes a much wider sweep; it trusts to the million arms. Let us try all together to make the conditions of life more favorable for ourselves and our children—that is the appeal of men to one another.

Well, we have no desire to minimize the importance of that view of our social tendencies; but we sometimes notice that the most impetuous advocates of collective action lose sight of the equally significant truth that individual training and growth in character cannot be made unnecessary by any amount of collective action. The conditions of home-life are doubtless largely affected by economic, political and social influences; but those conditions are still chiefly determined, and probably will always be chiefly determined, by the dispositions and abilities and modes of thought and action of people inside the home.

True, if the father of a family cannot find work, or can find it only irregularly, the effect is quickly and sternly registered in the home. That is a sample of the action of vast outside world-influences that affect men collectively; and a husband is likely to consider how far he can league himself with others to modify these influences in favor of his own family. But the very man who is moved hopefully by the thought of what the community may be induced to do for his children is apt to forget a considerable part of the share which he can take, and which he alone can take, individually, daily, within the home, in helpfully forming the conditions under which his children must grow up and have their characters. One may have a strong general concern for the good of mankind and for one's offspring as a part of mankind, and yet be overlooking the immediate personal duties that have a more directly formative effect than anything that can be done through collective action.

The preacher will wax eloquent in his pulpit and the reformer on his platform or park-chair while he tells how great movements are sweeping us forward to most desirable consummations; but follow the good man home, and you may find that, so far as he is individually concerned, he is undoing in little the great work he talks of so grandly, for he is neglecting or spoiling his own children. Without discounting the indefinite good that is possibly done, we may perhaps usefully call attention to the certain good that is possibly left undone.

Our readers will understand that we do not level a general charge of parental blindness against them. If they are not guilty, the accusation does not affect them; and we know how many are the homes, both of people who take long-sighted surveys of life and people who think chiefly of their own affairs, where wise and sincere methods of child-training are adopted. Yet look around, and own whether it is not true that in the range of every man's acquaintance are some tender-hearted parents who, by reason of a weak surrender to natural but thoughtless impulses, are doing grievous wrong to the children who are as dear to them as life.

Why is it that parenthood in so many cases involves a sort of untruth, of insincerity, a burking of plain facts, a fatal partiality, a weak spoiling of the budding human characters that ought to be the chief and honest care of father and mother?

The inability or refusal to see facts where one's children are concerned leads at a very early period to strange results. The little creature, being all that is good and right, must have what it desires, even though that vague desire—the involuntary impulse of ignorance—clashes with the judgment of the mother. The first dawnings of consciousness are wakened by flatteries, by attempts to arouse a baby-conceit, by evidence that each little passing whiff of a whim is likely to be hastily gratified. And, when character begins to unfold and life's writing to be dimly traced on the white tablets of the heart, the blind parent will sometimes be quite proud of the faint beginnings of faults, and will admire and even teach the mischief that comes only too naturally.

Whatever the child does is sure to be right. It is upon a foundation like this that hundreds of thousands of parents are building their children's characters. But pass on a few years until tendencies have begun to develop and some idea may be formed of what the child is likely to become, and until comparison can be made with other children.

The bystander can see with perfect clearness what is lovely and what is ugly—for there is no living creature so attractive and entirely beautiful as the small honest modest lad or the sweet loving little lassie, and there is no sight more deplorable or more tiresome than the spoiled, puling, selfish child that wants it knows not what. But does the blind parent see these differences? Very likely by this time a habit of seeing things awry where the child is concerned will have grown up, and the self-deluded parent will grasp at any excuse in preference to accepting the truth.

We have not been giving this picture in order that we might lead up to an advocacy of cold criticism of one's own family or strictness and sternness in government, but to lead up to an advocacy of clear and just views of those who are loved as well as of strangers. The parents who all through life realize the truth about their children have innumerable opportunities of moulding their characters which are missed by the fondly-blind parents who have perfect children that are never in the wrong; and, when the time comes that the youngsters must fare forth and make their way in the world, they are far more likely to start at the best point and to go in the right direction if they have not to live up to a fanciful and flattering standard fixed by indulgent faith. The second-hand self-glorification of the parents who worship themselves in their children is not a pleasant sight. It is a wholesome love associated with an honest reading of the objects of our affection, be they wife or children or friends, that escapes sorrowful surprise.

The instances of parental blindness might raise lively discussion. Some, alas, are too well known to afford a difference of opinion.

Usually the attitude of the home is either one of unsound expectation or of distrust as regards the clever members of the family. With people who have a purse that suffices to bring up their children, as they think, well, a question that arises early is whether children be kept at home under paternal influences or be sent away to school to escape the chance of mismanagement by their too indulgent elders; but that question affects only a limited range of society. The more need for parents who have few auxiliaries in training their children to strive on their own account to attain some share of the "aloofness" that enables a just view of child-character to be taken; for, next to ignorance and indifference, parental blindness is the most prolific source of family discord and disappointment.

IT is home business which is the test of goodness. A pleasant order to the worn-out servant "not to hurry" won't delay the supper; a sympathetic loving kiss to the languid-looking mother will do her more good than wine. A little praise, a little wonder as to how she manages to keep the house so cool and clean, and endure all the worry of the nursery, will make her happy. If some only knew how good a word in season is, they would give it oftener, and get in exchange smiles and kisses, and pleasant little acknowledgements. A day has a great many good things in its gift, but the key to them all is renunciation and unselfishness.

PLATO set forth how sensibility to beauty is the source of all that energy which, whether in vital, intellectual, or moral manifestation, struggles towards the end of most perfect, of idealized self-perpetuation. From the grossest instinct to the most refined abstraction, he told how the principle was still identical, and how the advancing mind might gradually ascend through friendship and love, of which the immediate spring was personal beauty, to intimate sympathy with ideal beauty, and with all that is holiest and best.

WHO can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a lovely woman resemble an angel.

MEN in the vigor of their health and age should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest of action, either in public or private stations, that they may have something agreeable left, in the way of pleasant and grateful remembrances, to feed on when they are old.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

LET no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

A WHITE garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled. So a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than a great offence in a bad man.

GENIUS, when not under the control of virtuous principles, is very apt to pursue a wayward course, to the injury not only of its possessor, but also of society.

NEVER mind where you work; care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if conscience approves.

ZEAL is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. C. E. P.—You can get the books you inquire about by writing to Porter Coates, Philadelphia, Pa.

C. H. W.—Sufficient liquid ammonia added to a pint of water to render the whole pungent, make an excellent hair-wash. Be careful not to have it too strong. Afterwards wash with clear water. Once a week will be sufficient.

T. S.—You can only acquire the art of conversation by conversing. Speak with a little deliberation; and, even in transacting the most common-place affairs of life, take pains to express yourself concisely, clearly, and correctly. You only need practice, for you seem able to convey your meaning pretty accurately in writing.

A. C.—The ancient baths were never found in small Roman houses, if in those of emperors or of consular persons. The Romans had public baths, of vast size and importance made for the express use of such persons as gaolers and soldiers, and such were built by the State. No bath—and baths would have been exceedingly expensive to heat—is at all likely to have existed in the prisons.

QUERIST.—Blushing is produced by the action of a particular part of the nervous system upon the blood-vessels. Try pouring a large canful of very cold water over the back of the head and neck twice or three times a day. Self-consciousness is the exciting cause, If the individual did not think of self when brought into contact with strangers, the effect could not be produced. The thought and fear of blushing produce the act or state it is desired to avoid.

L. F. K.—Fragrance may be imparted to tobacco by mixing with it, while slightly damp, a little cascarilla, either in very fine shreds or recently powdered. Cigars may be perfumed by moistening them externally with concentrated tincture of cascarilla, or tincture of benzoin or storax, or a mixture of them; or a minute portion of the powder, shreds, roots, or wood may be done up with the bundle of leaves that form the centre of the cigar. The so called anti choleraic and disinfecting cigars are scented with camphor, cascarilla, and benzoin.

NEMO.—To be "continually caressing a cat in the presence of company" is not courteous or mannerly. To say the least, it shows indifference to the company and preference for the cat. There is a good story of a celebrated judge who was especially fond of a dog and did not scruple to take it into court with him, stooping down and caressing it while counsel were arguing their cases. One day an advocate who resented this preoccupation on the part of the judge hit on a happy rebuke. He paused, when his lordship, looking up from his favorite, begged him to proceed. "When your lordships have concluded your consultation," was the witty but rather cruel rejoiner.

RETTY.—A well-bred man is always known by the perfect ease and tranquility of his manner; points which should be carefully cultivated. Acquire, if possible, an easy confidence in speaking, so as never to appear abashed or confused; avoiding, however, the opposite error of forwardness or presumption. Persons moving in the higher classes seldom, if ever, allow themselves to appear disturbed or vexed, whatever occurs to annoy them. This may seem a difficult matter to you, but by scrupulously schooling yourself in this respect, you will find that it can be accomplished. Some persons claim that in most cases this is an affectation of indifference. Be that as it may, it is worth admiring, for in well-bred society nothing is more disagreeable than boisterousness or awkwardness.

R. S. S.—"Sicilian Vespers" is a name given to the massacre of the French in Sicily on the day after Easter, in the year 1382, the signal for the commencement of which was said to be the first stroke of the vesper bell. The popular version of the so-called Sicilian Vespers is as follows: The Norman prince, Roger I., son of Tancred, had, in 1058, driven the Greeks and Arabs from the island, and later had taken the title of Count of Sicily, his son, Roger II., in 1131, uniting Sicily with Naples as the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In 1266, Charles of Anjou, brother of Louis of France, deposed the Norman princes, and settled himself in their place, being crowned king by Pope Clement IV. Incredible stories are told by the old chronicles of the oppression to which the people, especially in the island, were subjected by their French rulers. The 30th of March, 1282, was Easter Monday, and, as was customary with the inhabitants of Palermo, they went in procession to a church without the walls of the town to hear vespers. The French not only regarded such gatherings with suspicion, but availed themselves of such occasions to search the people for arms. On this evening, as a young Sicilian bride was entering the church, she was brutally assaulted by a French soldier. This gross outrage so enraged the townspeople that, headed by her father and husband, they rescued her, and with such weapons as they could command, butchered the French without regard to age or sex. The rising rapidly spread to other parts of the islands. The French were hunted like wild beasts. More than 8,000 were slain by Palermitans alone. The king besieged Messina, which would have surrendered but for the severity of the terms offered by the French troops. The people held out in desperation, till Don Pedro took the field to assert his claim by force of arms, and compelled the besiegers to raise the siege, subsequently occupying the whole of the island, while Naples was left in the possession of the house of Anjou. Such is the historical record of events made famous by Verdi's opera "I Vespri Siciliani."

LOSS.

BY MORLEY.

Just a week ago the Spring had brought the swallow,
Brought the primrose and the cowslip, honey-sweet,
And I dreamed of fairer Summer blooms to follow—
Of Love's roses that would blossom round her feet.

Now the Summer's gone, and Spring hath flitted after,
O my Summer, O my queen of all the year,
Where your fair face turns Earth dimples into laughter,
But behind you leave the Winter, dark and drear!

A Wedding Cake.

BY R. M. K.

"THERE, that's exactly the kind of wedding-cake I should like to have when I am married! Look at it, Gladys; look, Olive; look, Molly! Aren't those sprays of flowers quite too lovely? Oh! I shall certainly have one just like that—only a good bit larger—if I can only remember it, and describe it to Gunters!"

The speaker was the eldest of a charming quartette of girls, shorter than her sisters, but instinct with a certain sense of superiority over them, as having completed her twenty-first year, and thus attained to full young ladyhood. Opinions differed as to which was the prettiest of them—plump, brown-eyed Bee; Gladys, with her dazzling fair skin and golden hair; Olive, with her dark beauty; or fifteen-year-old Molly, whose curly locks still dispersed themselves, mantelwise, over her slender shoulders. But all Axeford knew that the Mervyns were far and away the prettiest girls in the town; and the girls themselves had a certain little air of knowing it too—how should they help it, with so many friends and admirers ready to inform them of the fact?

"I like to think of our weddings—what fun they'll be!" said Molly, still gazing at the cake. "Of course yours will be the first in the family, Bee; and then we shall all be your bridesmaids, and we'll wear pale blue, with the loveliest blush roses, don't you think?"

"Oh, dear me—dear me! so is this what your silly little heads are running on! I always was afraid of it, and now you stand convicted out of your own mouths! To you life is nothing but fun and flirting, marrying and giving in marriage—now, isn't it so?"

"And to you life is all strawberries and cream—now, isn't it so?" says impudent Molly, linking her arm in that of their assailant: a stout, merry-faced lady of something over fifty, who has the air of finding the world a very excellent place to live in.

"You saucy child! But come along; come back to tea with me; and I'll tell you something that will amuse you—some thing that that weddjng-cake has put into my mind. I want you to taste some scones I made to-day; you girls, with your grand house, and your array of servants, don't know anything of the pleasures of cooking little dishes for oneself. Yes, and I'll give you strawberries and cream too—all except Molly—as much as ever you can eat; that's the way to enjoy strawberries, I say. You can stay for the evening, can't you? No admirers coming to-night, are there? Nor any Grammar-School boys, eh, Molly?"

"No, no; don't, Miss Summers!" said Molly, turning a little red, and feeling nervously at her pocket for a packet of almond rock, which a devoted admirer among those very Grammar School boys presented her with only to-day; while Bee and Gladys looked consideringly at each other.

"Saturday—Saturday—it's Monday Tommy Atkins comes with his flute, isn't it? Yes. Oh, there's only Mr. Burwood and Mr. Wilks coming to-night—papa's friends, you know—and they won't come till nine ten, because papa dines in London to day. So we'll give up dining, and have tea with you instead—that'll be jolly!"

These evenings spent with Miss Summers were of no infrequent occurrence, and it was not her fault that they were not more common still. She did what in her lay to "mother" these girls, scolding and laughing at them for their little follies, but loving them dearly, as they knew full well. She often felt anxious for them, for their mother was dead; and their father, a wealthy man, seemed to have but one idea as to their up-bringing—viz., that young things should have as good a time as possible. Bee was a little queen in her own household, and in society too; and her sisters were princesses of the blood.

Rich, prosperous, and charming, they were bowed down to by everybody; boyish admirers haunted the house, and craved the royal bounty; and even "papa's friends" rendered homage to the powers that were, executing delicate little commissions in town, mending fans, holding wool, and making themselves generally useful, but yet reserving to themselves the right to advise, call to order, and sometimes even to scold, the young tyrants. "Her Majesty's Minister" Mr. Ellery Burwood called himself, and Bee did not hesitate to summon her minister whenever occasion required.

Miss Summers was in fact the only person whose friendship with the girls was unmixed with flattery. She was genuinely anxious that they should grow up good and useful women, and insisted that, while they were with her, they should paint, work for the poor, and talk upon rational subjects. "For," as she said, "you have brains of your own, children, though you do your best to conceal the fact."

On this particular evening tea was just over, and the scones and strawberries had been done full justice to, before any one remembered Miss Summers' promise of an amusing story.

"Oh, yes! Well," she said in answer to Gladys' reminder, "I thought you'd be amused to hear about my wedding-cake. I never told you about it, did I?"

"Your wedding-cake? Why, you never had one, had you?" questioned Molly, with wide-open eyes.

"To be sure I had. I've no notion of letting married people get all the good things—cake, and presents, and all that, while we unmarried people get none. I didn't mean to stand it, I can tell you! So when I got to an age when one gives up thinking of such things, and settles down to a steady old spinster's life, I thought it was about time that I should give out to my friends that I meant to have a wedding day, all by myself—the 24th of June I decided upon, I remember—for it is a good many years ago now. I went out and bought myself a wedding-cake—an excellent one it was; and I had a few friends in to help me eat it, and my dear father and mother and I finished it up at home. A lot of presents came in too—delightful ones, some of them; and all I can say is, that I believe few people have had such a happy wedding-day as I had! There, that's my story. Now let's turn to our work. I want to get ready an outfit for a poor girl going to service, and you must help me."

The girls laughed heartily at the story, and several times laughed again as they sat at their sewing, casting rather puzzled glances at their hostess, who looked the very picture of comfort and well-being; her substantial figure (which had long ago given up all pretence at a waist) ensconced in a large arm-chair, and her bright, happy face bent over her work. At last, when they were putting on their hats to go home, Bee stole up to her and asked timidly: "But don't you feel it rather—rather flat, not to be married? I should have thought you must have wanted to be. And yet you can't have, for I know a person like you could have been married plenty of times, if you had liked."

She spoke in an undertone, that the others might not hear, but Miss Summers' answer was audible to all of them.

"Might have been married if I had liked? Yes, certainly, child; I might. But the right man didn't come along; perhaps there never was a right man for me. Those things will come if they are to come; and oh, dear children, if you could only learn to think less about them, and about yourselves altogether! Think of others; try to make them happy. That's the best way to be really happy yourselves, depend upon it. Now, good night, my chicks!"

Bee stood for a minute or two looking out of the window, as if suddenly absorbed in a new thought; then she kissed Miss Summers hurriedly, and darted out into the street.

"Come, come, girls!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Let me walk in the middle, I want to tell you something. Miss Summers says we ought to think about making other people happy; and we'll do it—we'll do it!"

"Do it? Do what? How shall we do it?" asked the others eagerly.

"Why, do it for Aunt Julia and Auntie Het—give them a wedding-day! They'll never marry now, poor things; one's thirty-six and the other thirty-five, you know, and they must have given up all thoughts of it. Now's our time! We'll give them a lovely wedding-day; we'll buy them presents; we'll get them that very wedding-cake—oh, lovely. Let's go and buy it now!"

The others were all agog with excitement in a minute, and for a time there was a very Babel of voices. "I only wish we could have provided husbands for the occasion," sighed Gladys, when the first excitement had a little bit toned down. "But of course that's impossible."

"Gladys! Of course it is!" said fifteen-year-old Molly, almost indignantly. "Just look at their age!"

"I don't know. I have heard of a woman of thirty-five marrying."

"Once in a blue moon. Oh yes, I don't suppose there's anything in the world that never happened," was Bee's wise, if not very lucid, remark.

"Besides, I was looking at a book of Hamerton's the other day," said Olive, "and I particularly noticed his saying that French peasant women were hags at five and-thirty, the very most attractive age (so he said) in English women."

"When they're married, of course he meant," said Bee decidedly. "Do you know, I've often thought about them—our aunts, I mean—and felt sorry for them," she went on gravely. "Of course they have horridly dull lives now, poor things; and I'm afraid, from what father says, they never had a good time when they were girls, either. Grandfather was poor, or morose, or stingy, or something, and I don't believe they ever saw anybody, so how could they get married? And I'm afraid they'd have liked to be; they don't look very happy as they are, do they? However, they must have given up really thinking of it for years; and this sort of wedding-day will be heaps better than none at all, won't it? We'll begin making out a list of presents at once; mine to Auntie Het shall be a specially nice one, because she was so good to me that time I was ill; when she came and stayed in the house, you know."

"And their wedding-day might be the 24th of June—the same day as Miss Summers'!" cried Molly. "We'll tell dad to dine at his club, because there oughtn't to to be any hes there, ought there? Let the wedding be at six, and we'll say we are not at home that evening; it'll do Tommy Atkins and Stanley good to spend an evening at home once in a way; and then, after the wedding, we'll have a grand dinner, and wedding cake—the wedding-cake—for dessert!"

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The wedding was fixed for the 24th, as Molly had suggested; and as there was barely a week to make preparations in, the girls set themselves busily to work. But first of all they started off—the whole four of them—to make sure of the brides.

"They hardly ever have any engagements, true," said Bee. "Still, just fancy how awful it would be if, when all the preparations were made, we found they couldn't come!"

The unconscious brides lived in a pretty little cottage in a quiet, old-fashioned part of the town, with a shady garden which ran down to the river. They led a quiet, useful, uneventful life, working in the parish, attending the daily services at the old parish church which lay just across the river, and going into society but little. A greater contrast to the gay, careless life led by their nieces could hardly be imagined; but they always liked to see that merry quartette of girls, and made them as welcome as they knew how, Miss Hester Mervyn especially.

"I never saw such children as you are; for ever inventing some new plan, and going wild over it," she said laughingly, when her four nieces pounced down upon her on this particular occasion, and, all talking together, at last made her and their Aunt Julia understand that their presence was requested at some high festival, the nature of which was to be kept a profound secret. "What can this mysterious festival be, I wonder? Oh yes, dear, we'll come of course, Aunt Julia and I. But is it an outdoor or indoor affair? What are we to wear, I mean, full evening dress or not?"

Bee and Gladys looked at each other, and Molly afterwards declared that she could see the words "traveling dress" hovering on their lips. Anyhow, Bee said after an instant's pause, "Oh, not evening dress, please; just come in nice high dresses—those dove-colored ones that you wore on Sunday will be just the thing, won't they, Gladys?"

"And then we'll be all dressed alike—in white, I suppose—for Molly hasn't any dress to match our others," she went on, as they almost danced home. "We shall have to act bridesmaids, you know; and we'll all have bouquets alike—forget-me-nots, I think—no, roses; and the brides shall have those exquisite carnations."

The girls had generally pocket-money enough and to spare, but on this occasion they begged their father for an extra ten-pound note, for there was the wedding-cake to buy, and they were determined that the presents should be really good ones. Gladys and Olive shut themselves up for two days together, for the painting of a handsome screen which they bought in the town; Bee scoured the shops for flower-vases, hand bags, and various other articles which they had determined to buy; and finally Mr. Burwood was summoned, and commissioned to go to the stores the next day and choose the loveliest little five-o'clock tea-table he could find, also a lady's purse, which must have the initial H engraved upon it.

"And mind it's a very nice one, for it's for me to give," said Molly. "O', Bee—oh, Gladys, let's tell him about it: I'm sure he's dying to know!"

"Who wouldn't be, when this tremendous secret is making you all look as if you had the affairs of the nation on your shoulders?" laughed Mr. Burwood, who seemed remarkably complaisant for a busy Q.C. as he was. But Bee spoke at the same moment:

"Molly! I would not dream of telling—a man!" she said, sinking her voice at the last two words; and Molly dropped her eyes, abashed.

"I bow to the Queen Bee. I wouldn't hear the secret for worlds" said Mr. Burwood.

And so the secret was never divulged to any one—not even to Miss Summers, who, as it happened, was called away to nurse a cousin the very morning after the girl had been to tea with her; and the ordering of the day had to be left to the girls' own unaided wisdom. They felt fully equal to it, however; and when six o'clock came at last, everything was ready.

In the drawing room the shutters had been shut, and the gas and candles lighted—a perfect blaze of illumination; for, as Bee remarked, it looked more of a festival so. The fire place was a mass of flowers and ferns artistically arranged by Gladys; the various presents were spread out on two tables, placed on each side—one for Aunt Julia, the other for Auntie Het; and in front of the fire-place, against a background of flowers and ferns, stood the wedding-cake, hidden just now by the screen, which had been finished just in time, by dint of heroic exertions.

At the piano sat Olive, her fingers itching to begin the "Wedding March," which she had been practising up for the occasion; Bee and Gladys were flitting about the room, putting little finishing touches to the arrangement of the flowers and the presents; and Molly, all agog with excitement, pranced up and down the hall, now and then peeping in to admonish the cat and dog, whom she had fantastically decked out with flowers, and who were now sitting solemnly on stools by the two tables, as guardians of the presents. "We shall answer the door ourselves, Thomas," she had said; for true to Bee's perception of the fitness of things, no man was to be allowed any share whatever in the proceedings.

Very pretty Molly looked, in her white dress, with a bouquet of pink roses in her hand, and her mantle of golden hair on her shoulders; and so her aunts thought, as, the bell sounding at last, she opened the door to them and bowed them in. Hats and cloaks were soon disposed of, Mr. Mervyn's study having been temporarily fitted up as a dressing room; and then, having presented each with a lovely bouquet of carnations, Molly ushered them into the brightly-lighted drawing-room, just as Olive was thundering out the first bars of the "Wedding March."

The "brides" looked very well, too, in their pretty dove-colored dresses; Bee's quick eyes noted that at once, as she led them, with smiles, but no words, to the sofa. "Auntie Het" was pale and quiet-looking, and her dress was quiet to match; but Aunt Julia, who was taller, and had more presence than her sister, wore her dove-color "with a difference," having little scarlet bows here and there, which seemed to set off the color in her cheeks. "Aunt Julia looks quite handsome, but I love Auntie Het the best. I am glad I got her the nicest presents," said Bee to herself.

The brilliant light was quite dazzling to eyes fresh from the tender gloom of a gray summer evening; and both ladies looked thoroughly mystified, but amused and expectant at the same time. Nothing could have pleased the girls better; they wanted the whole meaning of the thing to dawn upon the brides gradually.

As soon as Olive's spirited performance

of the "Wedding March" had come to an end, Gladys mounted a small rostrum (the programme for the evening had been carefully arranged beforehand); Bee drew back the screen, disclosing the wedding-cake; and Molly seated herself midway between the cat and dog, on a foot-stool which had been placed behind the screen in readiness for her; while Olive remained at the piano, having orders to play soft and appropriate music, as an accompaniment to the speeches to be delivered.

It was not for nothing that Tommy Atkins, Gladys' devoted admirer, had been articled to a solicitor in the town.

"Whereas," she began, with recollections of certain "musty old papers" which she had seen him copying—"Whereas, it hath been pointed out to us that in the lives of certain persons—to wit, unmarried persons—there is often a grievous hardship, viz, that they, unlike their married brethren—sistren, I mean—no, sisters—are debarred from the pleasures, and festivities, and the—the free-will offerings, which are the usual concomitants of the—the drawing together of the bonds of matrimony, it hath seemed good to us to—to—" The effort had been almost too much for her; she hesitated, gasped, and looked helplessly at her sister.

"I'll go on, shall I?" said the self-possessed Bee, jumping up, and giving her a hand to descend. "It was almost my turn, you know; and you've done it awfully well. Now for my part," and with a beaming face she ascended the rostrum. "I can't speak grandly, but this is just how it is," she began. "You see, Aunt Hester and Aunt Julia, Miss Summers was saying to us the other day that she thought it was very hard that unmarried people shouldn't have presents, and a cake, and all that, you know; and that when the time came when she knew she shouldn't be married, she made a wedding-day for herself, and had—oh, such a jolly time! So we thought we'd have one for you; and here is your wedding-cake, and here are your presents—this tableful for you, Aunt Het, and that for Aunt Julia; and we've done everything we can think of to make it nice, and we do hope——"

She suddenly stopped, and the dimpled arm, which had been outstretched, fell *helplessly to her side*. Aunt Julia had sprung up, and was standing close under the rostrum, red with passion, her cheeks now indeed rivalling the hues of the bows on her dress. "Come down!" she said laying an imperious hand on Bee's dress. "Come down," her eyes round with dismay, and her pink cheeks rapidly paling.

It was as though a sudden and appalling thunder-clap had resounded through the room. None of the girls had had the least warning of it, for Bee and Gladys had been engrossed in their own and each other's oratory; Olive had been at the piano; and Molly—poor Molly—was engaged in superhuman efforts to prevent the dog and cat from descending from their pedestals, and making a rush at each other. So they now stood dazed and mute, as Aunt Julia, almost choking with passion, poured out the torrent of her indignation.

"You are rude, insolent children, all of you! That you should dare to insult us so!—it is almost beyond belief—it is quite beyond forgiveness!—yes, Hester, it is, and you know it," for her sister, pale and trembling, had laid a hand on her arm. "Let me speak, pray. These insolent little chits shall not give themselves airs with me, whatever they may do with their friends! I speak as I think; and of all the impudent, ill-bred people that my experience of the world, and my—my age have brought me into contact with, William's children are out and out the worst! Come away, Hester—come away!"

She was close to the door by this time, and marched out, while the girls, with pale, scared faces, stood looking stupidly after her. But the sound of the street door, as she slammed it behind her, roused them, and with one accord they turned to look at their other aunt, "Are you angry, too, Auntie Het?" faltered Bee. "Oh! have we hurt you—have we hurt you?" And when there was no response, save that her eyes filled with tears, they all gave way together, throwing themselves down on chairs and sofas, in the abandonment of their grief.

"I know you meant well, dear children," she said, and would have kissed them; but not a face was lifted, and she could only stroke their bright hair. Then she too went out; and the cat and dog fell to with a will, and fought, and scratched, and bit, unmolested, to the accompaniment of sobs, and deep, heart-rending groans.

"Oh! oh!" wailed Molly at last. "When I was a little thing, and had to drink mustard and-water because I had eaten poisonous berries, I said 'I hated the day, I'd beat the day'; and I wish—I wish I could do it now!"

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Nearly an hour later, the drawing-room door opened, and a tall figure appeared on the threshold; and a pair of keen kindly eyes surveyed the scene with ever-growing amazement. The blaze of light, the wedding-cake, the flowers, and the presents—some of which the quick eyes recognized at once—everything seemed to denote high festival, but the strange appearance of the young ladies of the house. Bee was rocking herself to and fro, her dimpled elbows on her knees, and her face buried in her hands; Gladys and Olive were huddled together on the sofa, their arms round each other, and their faces hidden on each other's shoulders; and as for Molly, she had cast herself full length upon the rug. Nobody looked up, and Ellery Burwood's ear caught the sound of muffled sobs.

"What on earth is the matter?" he demanded, shutting the door, and coming up close to the woe-begone group. "What has happened? For goodness' sake, tell me; don't keep me in suspense!"

There was genuine alarm in his tone; and whether this amused the girls, or whether it was merely that a certain reaction against their grief was just setting in, certain it is that they looked up at him for a minute with tear-stained faces, and then burst into uncontrollable laughter, which, however, sounded perilously like sobbing.

"Yes, I'll tell you, I'll tell you!" gasped Bee. All the scruples as to letting any-one into the secret had vanished now, in the disastrous overthrow of the cherished scheme.

She began bravely enough; but long before Mr. Burwood had any inkling of the real state of the case, the tide of her misery swept over her again, and sobbing out "You go on, Gladys; I can't," she buried her face in his hands, and began rocking to and fro once more. So Gladys had to go on; and she, bravely struggling with both laughter and tears, and clinging to Olive's arm for support, managed to give a fairly intelligible account of the whole affair; while Ellery Burwood settled himself to listen, and, if need be, to cross-examine, *his hands in his pockets*, and his keen humorous eyes (there was not much anxiety in them now) fixed on Gladys' downcast face.

Suddenly, however, there came a change. He started, wheeled round, and finally almost turned his back upon Gladys, making Molly, whose face had still been hidden in the rug, rear her head, and dart a quick glance at him. What she saw made her give a hasty pinch to Bee's foot, and from that minute the two watched him as though fascinated.

He was perfectly unconscious of their gaze. A sudden and deep flush had suffused his usually pale face; his lips, which were so firm and even compressed, were trembling; and his eyes—so Molly afterwards declared—were liquid with tears. As Gladys finished her story with, "Oh, we never meant to hurt them; you know we couldn't have meant to hurt them!" he seemed to pull himself together with a great effort, and turned round again, pale as ever, but with a strange gleam in his eyes which struck her at once.

What was it? Not anger, for he said quickly, but very kindly, "I know, I know! you would none of you hurt a fly if you knew it. But—good heaven!"—here he flushed again, even more deeply than before, and seemed to struggle with words that would come whether he liked it or no—"the idea of thinking that a woman of five-and-thirty has lost all her attractions!" Then he, too, made for the door, and, like the two "brides," was seen no more that night.

Shock number two. But far from being a knock-down blow, as was the first, this second shock brought all the girls to their feet in breathless excitement. "Olive!" "Bee!" "Gladys—oh Gladys!" was all they could ejaculate for a minute or two; then the three rushed into each other's arms, and Bee exclaimed, "Which, oh which is it? 'Five-and-thirty,' he said; but how should he know? Does he—can he—— Oh, what a wonderful, wonderful day!"

While Molly skipped wildly round the room, and then fell on her knees before the cake. "Dear, dear wedding-cake!" she cried, hugging it in her arms. "You may be wanted after all—I do believe you will be!"

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When Miss Hester Mervyn left her nieces' house, she went straight home to the little cottage by the river-side. She did not much expect to find her sister there, thinking it probable that she would "walk her temper off"—a plan which Miss Julia Mervyn not infrequently tried, and which generally had a very good effect. In all likelihood she was trying it now; at any rate, she had not come in, and after taking off her bonnet and cloak, Hester Mervyn came down to the little sitting-room, dropped wearily into a chair, and began to think.

And her thoughts were very sad ones. As her young nieces had divined, she had led a very colorless life. Her parents had been not only poor, but strongly Puritan in their notions, keeping their two daughters very strictly to their needlework and their various household duties, and seeming to have no idea that young things wanted amusements, or companions of their own age. So girlhood came and went, without having ever brought any young lovers, or even friends, to them; and Hester, who had plenty of romantic ideas of her own—as what girl has not?—found nothing for them to feed on.

Moreover, she was of a deeply affectionate, self-sacrificing nature; her heart craved for love, and yet more for some one upon whom to pour out the treasures of her own love; she adored little children, and would fain have had some of her very own to tend and care for, as any one must have known who saw the wistful look that would come into her eyes as she watched a mother and child together.

If she dreamed—if she still dreamed—of such happiness being yet one day hers, who can blame her? She was not young, she was not beautiful—she knew that well enough—but the heart knoweth its own tenderness as well as its own bitterness, and finds it hard sometimes to realize that that tenderness may never find full scope, full expression.

So it was that this evening's events had been a sudden and most painful shock to her, bringing light to her mind, but darkness into her soul. That she had cherished any dreams, she had hardly known to-night: now she had been made to see herself as others saw her, and to acknowledge, what she ought (so she told herself) to have acknowledged long ago—that those dreams must be banished for ever.

It was a heavy blow, coming as it did without any warning; and sitting down at the little table in the window, she wept quietly but very bitterly, mourning for the hopes that were no more. "They say that every dog has his day," she said to herself at last with a sad little smile. "That is not true. I have never had my day, and I never shall."

There was a quick impatient rap at the door, and the next minutes the little maid-servant ushered in a gentleman. Hester rose mechanically to meet him, hardly seeing who it was in the gathering gloom.

Ellery Burwood had hurried away from his amazed young friends with his face on fire. "Oh, the insolence of youth—the insolence of youth!" he muttered to himself as he shut the street door after him; then he thought no more of them, being lost in wonder at his own feelings. He had had no conception, until that night, that Hester Mervyn was anything, or ever would be anything, to him. He had often met her at her brother's house; he had noticed her quiet gentle ways,—the tenderness with which she nursed Bee in her long illness, the sweetness of the rather sad mouth, the wistfulness of the grave, deep-set eyes.

"A sweet-natured, gentle-souled woman," he had said to himself once or twice; then she went back to her little cottage home; and what with the rush of business, and the pleasant distractions to be found at his friend's house and elsewhere, he had thought no more of her. Now, however, came to him a sudden revelation both of himself and of her—of her, with her tender, sensible spirit—of himself, possessed with deep and reverent admiration that at a word would spring into love—nay, that had sprung into it already.

"Blind fool that I was!" he exclaimed, in bitter wrath with himself. "And she—she is suffering now, and I might perhaps have spared her!"

He had hurried on, only half conscious where his steps were taking him; now he found himself outside the cottage. He paused but a moment, then knocked at the door, as we have seen.

Miss Mervyn was in, and alone, the servant said; and before Hester rose, he had time to see the sad, sweet face, with its traces of recently shed tears. He could not begin quietly. "Miss Mervyn—Hester," he burst out as soon as the door was shut, "I have come to tell you—to ask you—you will let me speak—you will not send me away?"

Then Hester listened to the story she had thought but now that she was never to hear; her sweet, grave eyes dilating, first with keen amazement (for she had never dreamt, sweet modest soul, that any friend of her charming young nieces could ever spare even a glance for her) then with the dawning of a new-found joy. "I think—I think—" she murmured, in answer to his eager questionings, "But oh! you must give me time—time to think; it is all so strange."

"I will, I will, my darling," he said, with tender consideration for her bewilderment; and Hester leaned her face on her hands and tried to think it all over. Suddenly she looked up at him. "Have you been there? Did you hear anything about this evening?" she asked breathlessly.

"I did."

It was Hester's turn to flush now. She rose and went to the window, standing there with bent head, and hands tightly clasped. The river was discoursing sweet murmurous music as it flowed softly past in the twilight; but she heard nothing but the quick surging of the blood as it rose in waves to her brain. "Oh, go away, pray go away!" she said at last, in an agony of shame. But, instead of obeying, he came up close to her and took her clasped hands in his.

"Hester—my Hester—do you think it was pity? Look at me! Are you so bad a judge of expression as that?"

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So the wedding-cake was wanted after all; Ellery Burwood said he would have no other. And Bee was not the first of the family to be married, either; but she and her sisters made a charming quartette of bridesmaids to "Auntie Het," and enjoyed the wedding-day immensely.

"Out of evil comes good," said Bee sententiously, as, the guests all gone, they surveyed the remnants of the cake. "We made dreadful little asses of ourselves that day; I feel quite hot even now when I think of it. Still, who knows but what Auntie Het might never have had a wedding-cake at all if it hadn't been for us?"

A Little Flat.

BY M. M.

DO tell me, my good fellow, how on earth it is possible for such a metamorphosis to have taken place! A couple of months ago we sat in this room, two hardened bachelors, determined to remain so to the end of our days and now I find you transformed in the twinkling of an eye into the most devoted husband of the present century! I could have sworn, old man, that, with the exception of an antiquated charwoman, you had not a single unmarried lady among your acquaintances! And now I come back to find introduction, courtship, engagement, and wedding all things of the past; and your pretty little wife did the honors of the dinner-table just now as if you had been married for years!"

A hearty laugh was the immediate response to this energetic speech, and Doctor Trenton, to whom it was addressed, took a puff at his pipe before replying.

"Well, you see, Harwood," he said, "I was at first a bit ashamed of being bowled over so quickly, and then I thought it would be fun to surprise you thoroughly for once. But Dolly shall tell you the whole story"—as his young wife appeared to dispense the coffee—"and you may be surprised to hear that you yourself—unconsciously, I admit—made up the match."

"I?" cried the guest, almost with horror. "Heaven preserve me from doing anything so foolish! At least, I should have said so yesterday," he corrected, catching a peculiar glance in his direction from Mrs. Trenton: "to-day I should speak very differently. But it is a mystery of which I impatiently await the solution."

Dorothy gave her husband a roguish look.

"I suppose it is for penance, Jack, that I am to narrate my own mistakes and misdeeds. I walked into the bear's den, and was made prisoner for life, so I suppose I must tell the story myself," Mr. Harwood.

"Two months ago I was still a stupid little country girl who had never seen a large town. My eldest brother had sent for me to keep his house, and I arrived accordingly at an enormous City railway-station. Our parents had been dead for many years, and I had hitherto lived at the Vicarage with the family of my father's successor, whose daughters had been my schoolfellows. Herbert, my brother, had written that it would be impossible for him to meet me at the station, and that I must take a cab and drive to King's Court Mansions, where he was renting a flat on the fourth floor. There he would welcome

me in person, for he could not get away from his work before two o'clock. So far so good. My brain was certainly rather in a whirl after my long drive through the crowded noisy streets; but, when I arrived at King's Court Mansions, I walked bravely up the stairs with my traveling-bag, the cabman following with my trunk.

"I know you will laugh at me dreadfully, Mr. Harwood, but you must remember that never in my life had I seen so many stairs. They not only took away my breath, but deprived me of all power of calculation, and in my ignorance I was unaware that the entresol does not count. The Vicarage, where my life had been spent, was two storeys high, with an attic, yet it was the loftiest dwelling in the village. Such a Tower of Babel as King's Court Mansions appeared was a novelty in my experience. Therefore, when I arrived at a landing where a door was standing open and an old man-servant just replying to an inquirer that the Doctor would not be in until two o'clock, I naturally concluded that I had reached my journey's end, for my brother also rejoices in the title of 'Doctor,' though his degree is in music, and he is organist of St. Bede's. To old James' extreme astonishment, I walked calmly in, merely saying—

"'The Doctor expects me. Please have my luggage taken to my room.'

"You should have seen his face as I put my umbrella into the stand at.' laid my hand upon the study door.

"But, miss—I don't know,' he ventured at last, with surprising energy—'I have the strictest orders never to allow any one to enter my master's study during his absence.'

"'I am the Doctor's sister, and he himself arranged my coming,' I explained condescendingly. 'If, as it seems, my brother has given no instructions about my room, it is probably because he intends to consult my wishes first. Besides, he is, as you must know, so very absent-minded that it is most likely he forgot to tell you of my expected arrival.'

"James was perplexed, but my last argument made an impression.

"'Yes, miss, he is absent-minded,' he said, with a sigh. 'If I did not take care, he would often go out in the rain without his umbrella.'

"With that he admitted me, still mistrustfully muttering. 'Never heard any thing of a sister!' into the smoky, dusty, uncomfortable apartments which I assumed to be my brother's bachelor quarters.

"Yes, indeed, Jack—don't look offended at my description—it was not at all inviting, that first glance into your study; for, as you have doubtless guessed, Mr. Harwood, I had ended my skyward pilgrimage a flight too low, and had never dreamed that it was possible for two doctors to dwell under one roof. My first act was to open the window, to let in fresh air and get rid of the smell of tobacco. Then I took off my hat and mantle, and set to work energetically to put the place straight and to dust the furniture and books. Had not my brother sent for me to make his home comfortable, and was I not, as his sister, entitled to rummage among his possessions, mend the rent in the table cover and the torn trimming of the curtains?

"At last I contemplated the effect of my work contentedly, and turned to ornamental details. I had brought a large bunch of roses and honey-suckle from our old garden, and these were now divided and arranged. On the freshly-laid table—I had coaxed a clean table cloth out of James—I placed the appetising ham, the fresh butter, home-made bread, and rosy-cheeked apples that Herbert used to be so fond of and which the good Vicar's wife had pressed on me at parting. Having put his house-coat ready over a chair, I awaited with impatience my brother's appearance. Luckily it occurred to me that our luncheon would be very imperfect without something to drink. Consultation with James led to the production of a bottle of beer; but that was of no use to me personally, and I at last succeeded in persuading James to go out and fetch me some milk.

"'Master has his latch-key, and no strangers are likely to ring at this time of day,' was his consoling reflection; 'but I tell you all the same, miss,' he added, as he departed, 'master never do lunch at home.'

"To pass away the time, I sat down at the writing-table and began to turn over the books and papers. In my heart I was feeling a little hurt through Herbert's tardy welcome. To distract my thoughts, I picked up an attractive-looking magazine, opening it where a letter had been placed between the pages to serve as a mark. My eyes fell on the first words, and my attention was riveted in a moment.

"'Now comes the disgraceful part of my confession!'—and Dorothy turned very red and glanced appealingly at her husband; but he only chuckled over her discomfiture, and she continued, "I could not refrain from reading the letter. It was signed, 'Your old friend, Ned Harwood.'"

"But my letter contained nothing of importance," said Mr. Harwood. "How could it interest you? I wrote to bid Jack 'Good-bye' before leaving town, and joked about——"

"Exactly!" interrupted Doctor Trenton, laughing. "In itself the document was not remarkable, but we have preserved it as a souvenir, and you shall hear it again." Thereupon he opened a drawer, and, producing a letter, added, "But you must try to imagine yourself in poor Dorothy's place. Remember, she fancied herself in her brother's room, and that your epistle was part of his little correspondence. She had come in the hope of being welcomed as his little pet sister—his Dolly, as he had always called her—come at his own request. And now hear what she read.

"'Dear Old Man—So you have decided to instal that dreadful little thing in your own house, though you acknowleged yourself that all the peace and comfort of your life will be gone! My dear fellow, do be advised and give up the idea of such a folly! At any rate, don't be surprised if I cut your acquaintance for the present and leave you to solitary enjoyment as 'Dolly' forms part of your establishment. Luckily I'm off to-morrow, and by the time I come back you will have found out your mistake and sent Miss Dolly back where she came from. Till then good bye.

"'Your old friend,

"'Ned Harwood.'"

Doctor Trenton gave his friend a sly look as he concluded.

"My dear lady," cried Harwood, horrified, "you don't mean to say—it isn't possible that any misunderstanding arose out of that? My dislike and antipathy to—"

"I do mean to say so?' she replied, laughing. "It was quite possible—indeed natural—I should assume that those words referred to me, and you cannot be surprised that I was at first highly indignant and then began to cry. But I very soon roused myself to action, for, as you have doubtless observed, I am tolerably energetic. My resolution was soon formed—I would go, and at once. I would not even see the heartless brother who had discussed me with his friends in such a manner before my arrival. I quickly re-packed my traveling-bag. While doing so, I came upon a photograph of myself which had been taken as a memento for the friends I was leaving, and which was really very presentable. A sudden thought made me write a few words upon it and lay it upon the table, where the flowers and luncheon still remained. Then I snatched up my hat and mantle, and was just going to open the door, when I heard a latch-key inserted on the other side. It was Herbert, I thought. He should not find me there; and, seeing the door of a small room ajar, I slipped in and closed it behind me."

"Now let me tell the rest," interrupted Doctor Trenton, "for in what followed I was the principal actor. Therefore picture me to yourself, Harwood, walking into my study in my usual abstracted way, and perceiving nothing until a delicious perfume of flowers stole my senses. I fancied I was dreaming as I became aware of the invitingly spread table, with just my particular weakness—home-cured ham and apples. Then I noted two covers laid as if for a delightful tete-a-tete, and upon my dinner-napkin a photograph of the sweetest, most mischievous face I had ever seen. Look, Harwood—that's the picture! I have not given it up since. And listen what the naughty little puss had written under it!

"'As I am so ugly, as I destroy your peace and comfort and drive away your friend, I leave you to lunch alone, and shall find a home elsewhere.'

"Now who could understand what that meant? I puzzled over it in vain, for your letter never entered my thoughts. I could reach only one conclusion—that the original of this captivating picture had been here with the intention of lunching with me and I had just missed her. I rushed to the door. When was she here? I stormed at the bewildered James, who at that moment arrived with the jug of milk.

"'Who brought all this? Where has she gone? Hang it, man can't you answer?'

"The unfortunate fellow thought I was mad, I believe. At last I extracted the facts from him—at least, as far as he could supply them, for where my 'sister' who had tidied up the room so well had disappeared he could no more tell than I.

"What was to be done? The picture had bewitched me, and I felt I must find the original. The thought of seeing her presiding over the luncheon had rapidly become a fixed idea, and I caught up my hat in the hope of discovering some trace of her in the street. James should go one way, and I the other. We were both on the threshold, when I heard a faint cry. I opened the store-room door, and Dorothy, in tears, fell into my arms."

"Nothing of the kind, Jack! How dare you say such a thing of your wife? If I had not been frightened to death in that dark room with the door shut, and if that horrible monkey had not jumped upon my back, I would rather have stopped there for hours than called for help! It was too provoking? Just think"—she turned to Harwood—"your special aversion, Miss Dolly, had already disturbed Jack's peace to such a degree that the wretched animal had been banished to the little room where James cleaned his knives and boots. No sooner was I inside than the mischievous pet attacked me, and was not to be moved from my shoulders till Jack came to the rescue."

"Yes—I had to free Dolly from her namesake's clutches; and then all the misunderstandings were cleared up—much too quickly for me, for I was obliged to restore my household fairy to brother Herbert, who had been waiting with growing anxiety for the little sister since two o'clock. However, I did not let him or Joy her company long," Doctor Trenton concluded, "for soon Dolly had to descend to the third floor flat again, and permanently preside over my breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners. In the interim her namesake had been provided with another abode, for my wife could not forget her fright, and I was not completely cured of my fancy for a monkey as a pet. Don't you think I have changed for the better?"

"Will you now believe that your letter brought about our marriage?" asked Mrs. Trenton. "Had it not given rise to the misunderstanding, I should never have thought of running away and leaving my photograph behind; and it was the picture Jack fell in love with, not me."

Ned Harwood was obliged to admit that all unconsciously he had proved a very successful matchmaker.

TIGHT LACING.—The hand of science asserts the Medical Record, falls with a dull uncarnal thud upon the constricted waist of woman. It tells why she constricts, and that the purpose from beginning was an unholy one. The women of decadent Greece first began it in order to emphasize the proportions of their hips and exaggerate the delusive prominence of the bosom. The simple physiological act of respiration was perverted by the tightened girdle until the act became one of sub-clavicular enticement. In fine squeezing, the waist brought into lustful prominence the capacity of women for easy reproduction and subsequent plentiful lactation. Hippocrates denounced it in the women of Cos. Galen reproved the practice, Martial jeered at it, but still the waist was tightened and the double ovoid continued to glide before the ardent gaze of man. The fact is, then, that women have tightened their girdles not because they wanted to do it, but because men approved of them and desired them the more for it. Why should women, then, be blamed? The practice is admitted unsound by all authorities, from Hippocrates to Dio Lewis, but men have insisted on it. Let the sanitarian and artist direct their attention, then, to man, the brute, not to woman, his victim. When this carnal but necessary factor in society and dress form is cured of his evil ways, women will dress as they ought; but not before.

THE colonization of some 2000 Americans in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, is spoken of as expected by the newspaper organ of the township of Gutierrez Zamora. It says that one of the large "haciendas," or plantations, near that place has been divided into lots, a portion of which were purchased by Spanish capitalists, who will induce American immigrants to settle there. The principal culture of the district is that of vanilla, but the inhabitants manufacture oilcloth and other articles when it is impossible to work in the fields.

The peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the dirt. And saves clothes and makes them pure as driven snow, at the same time it preserves the clothes, and makes them keep clean longer. Have your grocer order it.

At Home and Abroad.

A Parisian journal reveals the rather interesting fact, if fact it is, that the tiara worn of late years by the Pope during those solemn functions in which he takes part is only a cardboard imitation of the great triple crown, made of gold and jewels and heavy with massive ornamentation, that forms one of the Vatican's most precious and sacred treasures. Such is the weight of the real tiara that Leo XIII can no longer wear it without danger.

An energetic physician in Switzerland has been counting, by means of a pedometer, the number of steps taken by him in a year. The total he finds to be 28,740 per day, or 9,700,000 for the year. To discount this a newspaper writes comes forward with the number of words he has written within the same period. He managed to turn out 140,000. An ordinary book contains some 40,000 words; hence the labor of the newspaper man for the 12 months was equivalent to the writing of 20 books.

Among the latest acquisitions made by the authorities of the Louvre is a statuette sculptured in wood, which has been purchased for 10,000 francs. According to M. Maspero, the renowned Egyptologist, the work of art in question dates back to the eighteenth dynasty of the Pharaohs. It represents a lady of that period lightly draped in a robe of transparent gauze, and in the opinion of the expert the beauty of the carving and delicacy of the proportions render the statuette the most remarkable piece of sculpture which has been discovered in Egypt during the present century.

James Payn tells this story of the "American plan" of dueling, wherein the two duelists, with one second, meet within doors and draw lots for who shall shoot himself: On a recent occasion A and B, having had a "difficulty," A was the unlucky man and retired for the purpose of self-destruction into the next apartment. B and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol was heard; they shuddered with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming, "Missed!"

A traveler writing from Fayal, in the Azores, comments on the methods of hotel life there. Board at the best hotel is 1 000 reis, or $1 of our money, a day. "Two men brought our trunks a distance of half a mile and up a pair of stairs for 250 reis, or 25 cents. One man carried my large trunk on one shoulder and in the other hand my two bags. The other carried the steamer trunk, steamer chair, and shawls, and the two thus burdened kept up a dog trot till our rooms were reached. The hotel keeps a plate of oranges in the room constantly, and I eat about a dozen a day. They are small, almost seedless, very juicy and delicious. We feast, too, on bananas, guavas, custard-apples, and dates. For a cent you may buy more plums than can be managed at one eating."

The Boston correspondent of "The Critic" says that some time before commencement in 1869 Dr. Holmes wrote a witty letter to the Governing Board of Harvard saying that the university had often honored him, and that he had received from it the degrees of A. B., M. D. and LL. D., but he had never yet received the degree of A. M. from any college. He would not presume to point out this fact had not Harvard already given him the higher degree, which might be assumed to include the lower; still he felt that nothing would please him better than to be a master of arts of Harvard. The letter was in a modest, unassuming tone, not making a request, but preferring a suggestion. He closed it in this characteristic manner: "I A. M. yours, etc., Oliver Wendell Holmes." Of course his hint was acted on, and the genial Autocrat was made an honorary master of arts sixty years after his graduation.

How's This!

[illegible] Hundred Dollars reward for [illegible] that cannot be cured by [illegible]

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

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Our Young Folks.

THE MAGIC PIGS.

BY A. L. D.

ISN'T he a be-au-ti-ful piggy!" little Fred was saying joyfully. "He's the best birthday present I ever had."

"He certainly is a fine fellow," said Tom.

"He's got a merry face," said Jack, with a laugh; "and just look at the three queer little brown spots on his back. Did either of you ever see spots like them? Just in that place, just of the color, and that size! This is no common pig. Let me look at him more closely. Why, bless my heart! he must be one of the two pigs of Tokio."

"The two pigs of Tokio!" echoed the children. "Were they any pigs in particular?"

Jack was their grown up sailor cousin. He had just come home from a long voyage. He had brought ashore with him wonderful presents from strange countries. He also brought a stock of most wonderful stories about people and things abroad. The worst—or, perhaps, the best of it was that, Jack being so full of fun, the children were never quite sure whether they were learning geography and history in a nice way—taking it in jam, so to speak—or listening to yarns out of the sailor's own head.

"Haven't you ever heard the 'Legend of the Magic Pigs of Tokio?'" he cried, in amazement. "I thought everyone knew that."

"Tell us it, please."

"Come indoors, and I will. It is too cold to stay out here, and snow is beginning to fall again."

Fred said "good bye" rather regretfully to his pet.

"Are you sure he has got everything he wants to make him comfortable?" he asked anxiously.

"He's quite happy," said Jack, giving a last look into the stye where the baby-pig—he was little more than a baby—was stretched out, grunting peacefully on clean straw.

The three went into the house. It was a farm-house, and its kitchen was the very nicest of kitchens. There was no tiresome range to gobble up coal and make the cook hot and flustered, but an open hearth, on which big logs burnt, and the smell of them was better than scent. There were chimney-corners with comfortable chairs in them. Drawn round the hearth was a settle—which is a seat made of oak, and with a high back and arms to keep off draughts. There were hams, and bunches of sweet herbs, and ropes of glistening onions hanging from the rafters. The windows of the kitchen had little diamond shaped panes, and on the ledge—although it only wanted three weeks to Christmas—were geraniums in bloom.

"If yours is a 'pig of Tokio,'" said Jack, throwing himself back in a corner of the settle, "he's a lucky animal. He may bring his possessor, and everyone belonging to him, good fortune for the rest of their lives. He never has done yet, but there's always the chance."

"He hasn't had a chance of doing anything yet," said Fred. "He's such a young pig. There's been no time."

Jack shook his head wisely.

"Lots of people have been taken in that way," he said. "Of course, he's young to look at—he always is. But in reality, he's very old—older than the oldest man now living. If he's the real article—the genuine Tokio pig—he'll never grow any bigger. He'll always have a little twisty tail and a face full of fun."

"I should like that," said Fred. "I don't want him to grow up—he'll be stupid, and think too much of his dinner."

"My experience has been that little people—and pigs—think more of their dinner than big ones," said Jack mischievously. "Your pig, in fact, thinks of nothing else. He's been gobbling all the time."

"He's growing," cried Fred, in defence of his pet.

"But if he is the real article?" asked Tom.

"And I haven't a doubt of it—looking at the three spots," Jack said.

"How can he bring good fortune?"

"Oh! that's where the story comes in," said Jack. "You must know that a very long time ago——"

"Before the Norman Conquest?" asked Fred, who had just started history.

"The Norman Conquest!" said his cousin scornfully. "Why, that and the Ancient Britons, and the rest, are to-day's newspaper compared to the Rising of Pigs. It's miles back in history. For some time the pigs had been discontented. They did not think men treated them properly. They objected to the bacon, for one thing, indeed, I fancy that was how the row began. Grumbling was heard in every stye in the land. Some—those were of the extreme party—went so far as to refuse the 'wash' that was provided for dinner. Things got worse and worse"—Jack's voice grew solemn—"until one morning men woke up to a Revolution. All the styes were empty, and all the pigs—with their families—had fled to Tokio."

"How did they get there?"

"That isn't to the point. They got there. That is all history relates: it is so long ago. The world had to do without bacon; until, one day, a Tokio mamma went out for a stroll with her ten children, and never came back. Some long time after this—hundreds of years after—two spotted pigs were born in Tokio. They were taken to the king—he was a wise man, and a direct descendant of the leader of the Revolution. He looked at the spots—he had never seen spots like them before. He said it was a sign that strife should cease between pigs and men. He said that the two magic pigs, directly they were old enough, should be sent out in the world as messengers of peace. The day they departed there was a grand ceremonial. The king went to Parliament in state. The Chief Magician made a charm, and a horrible smell with the queer things he burnt while he was making it. It was decreed in Tokio that the pigs should bring marvellous good fortune to every human being they met. So they did for a time. But one day they had the misfortune to be separated, and the Chief Magician's charm was broken. Oh, it's a well-known story," wound up the sailor convincingly. "There's an old jingle about it—

> "'Till the magic porkers meet again,
> I ost is the good they bring to man.'"

"So until my pig meets the other one, he's no use," said Fred, with disappointment.

"Except as a pig. Be content; you did not expect more of him until you heard the story. Put that out of your head. Most likely the other one was killed long ago; and in revenge, gave indigestion for ever after to those who ate him. Or he may have found his way back to Tokio, and be living there as a private pig. It's not likely that the magic porkers will meet again."

But Pollie did not see that at all. She was the children's sister. All the time Cousin Jack had been telling the "Legend of the Magic Pigs of Tokio" she had listened greedily. She loved fairy tales. She had been curled up in a chimney-corner reading one by the light from the logs when Jack's story began. No one saw her. The chair was big and the room dusky.

"Why shouldn't they meet?" she said, when she was again left alone in the kitchen. "If Fred's pig were loose, he'd be sure to find his magic brother—by instinct. And we should have luck. Crops would always be good; cows would never die; foxes wouldn't prowl round the hen-house. Mother would wear her silk gown every day. I should grow up to lawn-tennis and piano-playing, instead of butter-making and other tiresome things. And when the good fortune does come, how grateful they will all be to me! No one else in the house would think of doing what I am going to do. No one else knows so much about fairies or takes such an interest in them. It will be nice to be a person of importance. Mother will never grumble at me any more for reading stories when I ought to be sewing. When she was a little girl she stitched at her sampler. But she did not bring the good fortune to her family that I shall."

That evening, after tea, Pollie took a lantern and slipped out of the house. She went to piggy's stye. His was eating his supper in the most engaging way. His paws rested daintily on the edge of the trough, the brown spots were most distinct. Pollie, holding the lantern aloft, looked at him with great interest. Usually she disliked pigs—called them dirty, disgusting things. But this one was so different now. He looked at her. She met his eye—there was certainly expression in it. Without doubt, he was one of the magic pigs of Tokio. Of course he knew it. He seemed to be saying—as plainly as pig could say: "Help me to find my brother."

"I ought to make an invocation—it's always done," said Pollie thoughtfully—she was full of fairy lore. "But it must be in rhyme, and I'm a bad hand at that. It would take me a long time to find words to fit—I should be missed indoors. It's a dreadfully cold night. It was snowing all yesterday and the day before. There will be deep drifts. But a magic pig won't care a button for such trifles. No doubt he'll find his brother. They'll both be back in the morning."

She put the lantern down, and opened the door of the piggery a little way. She looked in at piggy. He had left off eating supper, and he came towards her. It was an important moment for them both.

The gift of rhyme rushed over Pollie.

> "Oh, magic pig of Tokio
> Find your brother,"

she said solemnly, and then stopped. Tokio was such an awkward word to fit.

She saw piggy leave the stye, and then she hurried back to the house. She was simply bursting with her secret all that evening. When she went to bed, she did not go to sleep for a long time; when she did, it was only to dream of the magic pigs. She saw them sinking in a snow-drift, and woke up crying.

Now, Fred's birthday gift was not nearly so important as Cousin Jack had made out. So far from being one of the magic pigs of Tokio, he had never even heard of that country. He was dreadfully ignorant concerning the great Rising of Pigs; the Revolution and the Chief Magician were only names to him, and not even that. For my own part, I've always had doubts whether the famous pigs of Tokio ever existed at all.

But, though only a common pig, he had his feelings. He had been taken from his mother: he was home-sick. When Pollie opened the piggery door, he at once decided to go home. Such a chance must not be missed. He knew nothing of the world: nothing of snowdrifts, and frost, and dozens of dangers which threaten a young pig who leaves his stye on a bitter December night. He ran out.

Imagine Fred's state of mind next morning when he saw that the stye was empty! He thought piggy was gone for good, until he saw him on the pond.

Now, the pond was covered with thin ice, which was broken in places. It was not at all a deep pond, but a dip in it might be serious for piggy. Yet there he stood, looking so comical, that Fred and Tom and their father really couldn't help laughing, although they were puzzled to know how in the world they were to get the truant back into the stye. However, they succeeded at last; and after a nice warm breakfast, piggy seemed none the worse.

"It was my fault," said Pollie penitently. She confessed when she heard what had happened. "And yet I really did it for the best—I really did. What a silly pig, to be sure, not to have found the other one! It is just as well. If he had brought us fortune, we might not have called it good. Pigs and people have such different ideas. He's not one of the magic brothers of Tokio."

"I do not think he is," said Jack humbly. "I was mistaken."

"I don't want him to be," cried Fred; "he's much nicer as he is."

So everyone, including the pig, was satisfied at last.

ABOUT A BELLE.—Scene—The billiard-room of a fashionable club house. At nine o'clock enter Augustus, who removes his ulster and discloses a dress suit.

One of the players: "Hallo, Gus is rigged out under full sail and all the candles lighted! What is it, old fellow?"

Augustus: "Oh, I have been to make my party-call on Miss Jones! She wasn't at home, so I left my pasteboard and came round here."

Thirteen young men drop their cues, seize their hats, and remark, "That's the racket for me!" and slide off to Bacon Street.

At eleven o'clock Miss Jones comes home, finds fourteen cards, and says, "How funny that all the boys should have called this evening!"

At the same hour Augustus receives three smiles and ten cigars, the grateful offerings of thirteen young men who have made their party-call without the trouble of dressing or the expense of a hack.

IT is said of Horace Greeley that he once said: "I have made plenty of mistakes in my life, but they were always new mistakes." Everybody blunders; it is the wise person who does not blunder in the same way twice.

Thin or gray hair and bald heads, so displeasing to many people as marks of age, may be averted for a long time by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The process of stereotyping is 115 years old.

Seeds 2,000 years old have been known to sprout.

A frigate bird can fly an entire week without stopping to rest.

Every Swedish girl not born to wealth is taught a trade of some kind.

In the immense empire governed by the Czar of Russia sixty languages are spoken.

A Dundee, Scotland, man is working on a flying machine that is built on the bicycle plan.

Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau; but the weather is still as changeable as ever.

Thieves manifest queer tastes sometimes. A Brooklyn thief recently helped himself to $140 worth of false teeth, the property of a prosperous dentist of that city.

Twenty million dollars worth of bank notes leave the Bank of England daily; while sixty folio volumes or ledgers are filled with writing in keeping the accounts of a single day.

It has been positively demonstrated that tobacco is one of the prime causes of color blindness. In positions where it is necessary to distinguish colors excessive smoking should be avoided.

A curious numismatic relic of the epoch of Peter the Great has been presented to the Petrovisky Museum at Astrachan. This is a metallic token, or "receipt," granting the bearer permission to wear a moustache and beard.

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length—a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

The sod market, a curious spring feature of the city, is now open in New York. There wagons loaded with sod from Long Island and elsewhere in the neighborhood of the city await customers who want to buy sod with which to renew city grass plots.

The wax palm tree of South America, which grows to an altitude of 10,000 feet above sea level, is completely covered with a coating which consists of a vegetable wax and crystalline resin. When mixed with tallow this substance is made into candles.

The largest collection in existence of the smallest books in the world is said to be that owned by M. George Salomon, a Parisian amateur, of whose seven hundred little volumes none is larger than one inch wide by two inches high.

In a carload of cotton opened at Biddeford, Me., recently seven tramps were found. They had been there two days without food, fresh air or water. Their only complaint was that "it had been as hot as the devil."

A horse in Bristol, Ind., after being driven to harness for twenty-six years, as tractable and docile an old nag as ever drew a plow, recently astonished its owner by kicking a buggy to pieces and running away in a manner that a three-year-old colt would have found it hard to beat.

Eggs are a perfect meal in themselves, everything necessary to the support of human life being contained in them in the proper proportions and the most palatable form. Plain boiled they are wholesome, although masters of French cookery tell us that it is posible to dress them in more than 500 different ways, all not only economical, but wholesome.

A hen with remarkable developed maternal instincts was found recently at Rome, Ga. A family of five kittens had been adopted by the hen, and in spite of every effort to prevent the strange alliance the old hen persisted in her attentions until the kittens were removed beyond her reach.

Canton, with its million inhabitants, is a queer place. The huge wall surrounding it, fifteen to twenty-five feet wide, is six miles in circuit, the whole being filled up with a maze of narrow lanes. The place is full of temples; and every street has an altar. Some 300,000 of the inhabitants live in boats.

A decree of the Minister of Public Instruction at Tokio places the German language at the head of the foreign languages in the universities and lyceums, whereas until now English was in the first rank. At present seven German professors give lectures at the Tokio University—two in medicine, three in philosophy and two in law.

Now it is the typewriter that seems to have met with royal favor. The German Emperor composes many of his speeches at the same time that he is writing them with the machine, The King of Wurtemberg, the Duchess of York, Princess Maud of Wales and the King of Denmark have attained considerable proficiency in the use of the typewriter.

Among the many historic landmarks which are disappearing in Europe are the ancient gateway at Calais, built by Cardinal Richelieu and so graphically pictured by Hogarth, and the famous mills of the River Dee, in England, which date back to the days of King Edward VI; while in London the Seven Dials, so familiar to the readers of Dickens, Smollett, Fielding and other novelists, is about to make way for St. Andrew's Circus.

YOU.

BY W. W. LONG.

The breath of perfumed air
Round your brow is straying;
On your crown of dusky hair
Sunbeam's gold is playing.

Light of love is in your eyes,
Touched with saintly glory;
And love whispers soft in sighs,
Love's old tender story.

HAIR-GROWTHS.

Since the hair, whether braided or dishevelled, adds so much to the character of the human figure, we need not wonder that peculiar fashions and customs respecting it have prevailed among all nations. The heathen priestesses, when under the influence of what they conceived to be inspiration, wore their hair dishevelled, for which reason Saint Paul forbade the Corinthian women, when at devotion, to wear it in this manner.

Hence, in the early ages of Christianity, when its Divine doctrines were struggling through the darkness, the clergy, both regular and secular, were obliged to have the crown of the head shaved as a signal of self-denial and mortification. It was not until the fifth century that in Europe priests began to shave their crowns.

The Roman clergy then adopted the circular method, and shaved the small round spot on the top of the head which is known as the tonsure. In Scotland, however, the monks shaved the whole of the forepart of the head from ear to ear. In the Andaman Islands every man shaves his head. Many other Orientals also go bald-headed. As for the Chinaman, his method of shaving is exactly opposed to that of the Roman monk. He shaves all but a round patch, the hair of which grows long and forms his pigtail. When the difficulty of shaving the head is borne in mind, the true strangeness of the custom becomes doubly apparent.

The Popes denounced the wearing of long hair, and Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, pronounced the sentence of excommunication on those who were guilty of so heathenish a custom. The Roman women dressed their hair in the form of a helmet, mixing false hair with it, which they contrived to fasten to the skin. They anointed it with rich perfumes, and by the aid of curling-irons raised it to a great height by rows or stories of curls. They also adorned their hair with gold, pearls and precious stones, sometimes with crowns or garlands, chaplets of flowers bound with fillets, or ribands of various colors. They used a certain plaster to pull off the small hairs from their cheeks, or plucked them up by the roots with tweezers, called volsellae.

Among the ancient Gauls long hair was esteemed an ornament; hence Julius Cæsar, having subdued them, made them, in token of submission, cut off their hair.

Among the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, young women, before marriage, wore their hair unevenly and untied, but after marriage they cut it short, tied it up, and wore head-dresses of various fashions. Amongst the Greeks, both sexes, a few days before marriage, cut off and consecrated their hair to some particular deity. It was customary also to hang the hair of the dead on the doors of their houses previous to interment. The ancients imagined that no person could die until a lock of hair had been cut away, an act supposed to be performed by the invisible hand of Isis, and consecrated to the god into whose realms the soul departed.

The flesh perishes and the bones become dust, but the hair seems indestructible. There are even instances of the growth of the hair after death.

Among the North American Indians the hair grows to a remarkable length. One Crow chief had hair ten feet seven inches long. He wore it rolled up with a leather strap, which made the coiffure weigh several pounds, but on occasions of ceremony he let it hang over him like a mantle.

It is recorded that the luxuriant tresses of Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette became suddenly white from the horrors to which they had been subjected. The savage so seldom attains gray hair in Hudson's Bay that the Indians pray to Anina Boojah not for length of years, but to live "until the hair turns gray." In the middle of the fourteenth century yellow hair was the rage, a fashion the painters did their best to perpetuate by giving golden locks to all their madonnas, saints and goddesses, and the mania lasted throughout the reign of Elizabeth.

While the ancients generally depicted the Graces as fair, they gave dark locks to the Muses. Juno, Andromeda, "burning Sappho" and Cleopatra were dark-haired, so were Marie Mancini, the first serious love of Louis the Fourteenth, and Madame Maintenon, the last. Red hair was ever an object of aversion among the ancients. Ages before the times of Judas Iscariot red hair was a mark of reprobation. Auburn hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry and peaceful disposition.

It has been asserted that fair-haired persons have shorter sight than dark-haired, the reason for this belief being given as the number of spectacles worn in Germany, a blonde nation. But on the other hand, blindness reaches its highest European point among the Spaniards, who are conspicuously dark of complexion, and almost its lowest in Sweden. The two extremes of bad sight and good are found in Egypt and the United States, the latter having the lowest ratio of blind population of any country in the world.

The Albino possesses a skin of a reddish or a dead white color, with yellowish-white or milk-white hair, and red or very white colored eyes. The hair over the whole body is usually soft and white, not of the hoary color of age, nor the light yellow or flaxen tint of the fair-haired races. It is rather that sort of color peculiar to white horses. These peculiarities evidently arise from a deficiency in the coloring principle; much is the same in the skin, hair and eyes. The latter organs are in the Albinos peculiarly sensible to the stimulus of light, in consequence of a want of black pigment, the office of which is to absorb its superfluous portions. Hence we find the eyelids of these people generally closed, and the eyes usually exhibiting some appearances of morbid phenomena. But in twilight, dusk, or even a close approach to darkness, they see remarkably well.

Grains of Gold.

Sin feels safe as long as it can hide its head.

Never waste any time in debating with a doubt.

A sad countenance is the hypocrite's favorite mask.

The pleasures of sin are only pleasures for a season.

It is waste of breath to talk any louder than we live.

Danger is none the less real because it happens to be far off.

A tombstone never makes the recording angel a good slate.

The man who lives a solitary life will die a stranger to himself.

No man is fit for heaven who wants somebody else kept out.

A slanderer's whisper can be heard farther than a clap of thunder.

If you would walk straight yourself don't watch another man's feet.

An extravagant man loves to lecture his wife on the beauty of economy.

Duty is carrying on promptly and faithfully the affairs now before you. It is to fulfil the claims of to-day.

We should often be ashamed of our best acting if the world were witness to the motives which impelled us.

Great mischiefs happen more often from folly, meanness and vanity than from the greater sins of avarice and ambition.

Femininities.

A matchlock—Marriage.

Miss Appropriation—The young lady who wins too many hearts.

A German statistician says that 3,000 years hence there will be one man to every 220 women.

"Do you hope to be able to conceal your past from him if you marry him?" "Oh, yes; he is dreadfully near-sighted."

Mack: "Was the girl Higbee married considered a good match?" Robins: "I imagine so. She fires up at the least provocation."

Dora: "Have you decided what you will wear at the hotel hop to-night." Cora: "Do you know, I have thought of absolutely nothing."

Cultivate cheerfulness in the home. A sunny spirit will tide over the rough seasons that are sure to come in even the best regulated domestic circle.

Minnie: "What do you understand by the term platonic affection?" Mamie: "It usually means that the young man feels that he cannot afford to marry."

She: "I hope you will call again." He: "Thanks, very much; but I very seldom come to town, you know." She: "Then that's all the more reason why I should like to have you call."

Ada, pensively: "I hope you'll invite me to the wedding when you get married." Jack, boldly: "I'll invite you the first one, and if you don't accept there won't be any wedding."

An aged lady of Fontainebleau left her physician an enormous oak chest as a legacy. On opening it he found all the drugs and potions he had given her during the past twenty years.

The artistic arrangement of natural flowers is part of every Japanese lady's education—a much more satisfactory accomplishment than the manufacture of floral monstrosities in wax.

Doctor: "Have you any idea how your wife caught this terrible cold?" Husband: "I think it was through her cloak." Doctor: "Too thin, eh?" Husband: "No; it was a last winter one, and she wouldn't wear it."

"Get thee behind me, Satan," she commanded, imperiously. The cowering demon complied. "Is my hat on straight, Satan?" she asked. She was one of those who believe in utilizing the forces of nature to the utmost.

Rudyard Kipling's father, John Lockwood Kipling, proposed to his mother, Alice MacDonald, on the shore of Rudyard Lake, England, and was accepted. The author was named Rudyard in honor of that romantic episode.

According to Mr. Cross, in his memoir of his wife, the reason she took the name of George Eliot was, as she explains it, "Because George was Mr. Lewes' Christian name, and Eliot was a good, mouth filling, easily pronounced word."

"I'll bet," remarked Mr. Jason to his wife, as they sat in the family circle at the play, "I'll bet from the looks of it that the dress that there woman in the box is wearin' is one of them elegant dresses one-half off we seed advertised in the papers."

It is said that the Queen of Italy has a remarkable collection of historic shoes. It includes the shoes worn by Mary Stuart on her way to execution, of Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette, Ninon de L'Enclos, Queen Louise, etc; also a collection of shoes of various countries which has an ethnographic value.

Some remarkable figures are giving as to the popularity of nursing as an occupation among women. At one of the large London hospitals upwards of 5000 applications have been made to enter the Nursing Training Home during the last year. At another London hospital more than 800 applications were received within two months of this year.

Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, the compiler of the "Concordance to Shakespeare," is 85 years old, and resides at the Villa Norville, Genoa. One of the few really gallant speeches made by Douglass Jerrold was to this lady, in relation to her great work: "On your first arrival in Paradise, madam," he said, "you must expect a kiss from Shakespeare—even though your husband should happen to be there."

Upon the conclusion of a marriage ceremony in a village church, the bridegroom signed the register with his X mark. The pretty young bride did the same; and then turning to a young lady, who had known her as the best scholar in the school, whispered to her, while love and admiration shone in her eyes, "He is a dear fellow, miss, but he cannot write. He is going to learn from me, and I would not shame him for the world."

During the past summer a young Frenchman proposed to his wife to take a little tour in Switzerland. "What is there in Switzerland?" asked the ingenious fair. "What is there in Switzerland?" echoed her husband. "Why, there is the most wonderful scenery in the world—lofty mountain peaks tipped with rosy snow, verdant vales, sleeping lakes and——" "Oh, bother your sleeping lakes," cried she; "take me somewhere where there are shops to buy things at!"

Masculinities.

A man likes to let his wife wait on him because he feels sure he is giving the good woman pleasure.

Hoax: "Wiley is a highflyer, isn't he?" Joax: "I should say so. He goes out on a lark every once in a while."

An innkeeper in Norway is not permitted to have female attendants in his tap-room, with the exception of his wife.

Professor Rhys, the new head master of Jesus College, Oxford, is a Welshman. In his youth English was a foreign tongue to him.

If the sun had nothing else to do but shine on the righteous, it would be hardly worth while for him to rise as early as he does.

A drop of castor oil in the eye to remove a foreign body is as efficacious and often more manageable than the frequently recommended flaxseed

Douglas Jerrold once, when asked who was dancing with his wife, said he did not know, but supposed it was "some member of the Humane Society."

A North Carolina Judge recently granted a divorce to a couple, and two weeks thereafter married the divorced wife, who had considerable property.

Twenty-one law firms in which husband and wife are partners and practitioners, conducting business jointly or individually, are established in the United States.

Queen Victoria's footmen wear wigs which have eight rows of curls, whereas those of the Prince of Wales are allowed seven rows, and those of the Lord Mayor of London are allowed six only.

John Polax stood on a railroad track in Chicago and took a pinch of snuff. He was seized with such a fit of sneezing that he was unable to get out of the way of an approaching train and was killed.

Dealer: "May I ask, madam, why you want a pink tinge given to the face of this statue?" Mrs. Newrich: "To make it look more natural like. No woman couldn't help blushing that hadn't no more clothes on than that."

Emperor William's army now numbers a coal-black negro among its commissioned officers. He has recently been appointed bandmaster of the Third Regiment of Grenadiers of the Guard of Potsdam with the rank of lieutenant.

The popularity achieved by the bicycle as a means of locomotion is certainly marvellous. It is now reported to have gained favor in royal eyes, and accordingly the young Czar of Russia has resorted to it in the hope of improving his health.

A rare display of sound common sense is shown in a big "department store" in New York. A sign over one of the main aisles reads: "Ladies, we've all sorts of smokers' goods for gifts except the cigars. Better let him buy those himself."

At the Kew gardens a greenish glass has been used for the greenhouses for half a century. Recently experiments with ordinary white glass showed such a remarkable improvement in the plants that the green glass will be given up altogether.

A strange apology appears in a Thuringian newspaper and on a placard in the entrance hall of the principal hotel at Schwalza. It runs: "I, Johann Schmid, apologize for having said publicly that Fritz Werner is the vilest rascal in the world. He is not the vilest rascal."

No little sensation has been caused by the finding of 35 sacks of human bones in a cellar in Clapton, London. Inquiries show the bones were stored by the late tenant of the cellar for another man, who was an "articulator" of skeletons. Where the bones originally came from has not transpired.

In a lecture recently delivered before the Yale students Joseph Jefferson lamented the lack of attention bestowed upon the pure drama by the students in our colleges. The veteran comedian looks upon the predominance of farce comedies in college dramatics as a sign of degeneracy.

A tragic occurrence is reported from Przemysl, the Galician fortress town. A theatrical entertainment by amateurs took place in which a spy was stabbed by a patriotic Pole. When the patriot had to stab the spy he accidentally thrust the dagger right into the heart of his fellow actor, who fell dead on the spot.

The Countess de Bremont is a very pert member of the Guild of Women Journalists in London. She lately wrote to W. S. Gilbert asking for an interview and Mr. Gilbert replied that his charge therefore would be 20 guineas. The lady responded that, while she could not go to that expense, she cheerfully looked forward to writing his obituary for nothing.

Thomas Garthwaite, of Ecclefechan, Scotland, who used to make Carlyle's clothes, died recently. "They tell me that Tam was a great man in London," he used to say, "but he never was thocht muckle o' here. He wisna ill tae please. He just wrote for a suit and I sent it, and he wore it till done, and then he sent for another, and never a word about fit. He was a guide enough man that way."

Latest Fashion Phases.

This season's wedding gown may be fashioned in the traditional white satin adorned with chiffon and lace, or in the less costly white taffeta similarly adorned. One seen is in ivory white satin duchesse, and has the widely flaring skirt with long bridal train bordered by a double bouillonne of the satin. It is lined throughout with white silk, stiffened with white hair cloth, and finished by a deep balayeuse of white lace.

The bodice is close-fitting across the shoulders with a little fullness at the waist, and terminates under a full belt of mousseline de soie, with choux at the sides. The full collar-band is also of mousseline de soie with fan bows at the sides, and a spray of orange blossoms is gracefully arranged at the neck. Very full bretelles and epaulettes are formed of fine old lace, and the immense puffed sleeves are finished by full bands and choux of mousseline de soie.

The handsome lace veil is attached by a cluster of orange blossoms. The sleeves are met by long mousquetaire gloves of white undressed kid, and the white satin slippers are adorned by choux of mousseline de soie.

The skirt of another white satin gown has the godet plaits at the back well stiffened to the edge of the long round train. It is bordered by a ruche of a tulle, punctuated with bouquets of orange blossoms, and is lined throughout with white silk, finished by a deep balayeuse of white lace.

The bodice is close fitting, and terminates at the waist line without a belt. It has a deep white lace yoke, outlined by a draped corselet of lace and finished at the neck by a lace collar band. Over the left shoulder a full epaulette of lace is attached by a spray of orange blossoms. In the present instances the immense gigot sleeves are long, having pointed cuffs turning over the backs of the hands, but bouffante puffed sleeves to the elbow may be substituted.

The lace veil is so draped with orange blossoms as to form a fan bow at the back and front of the head. The gloves of white undressed kid should be long enough to meet the sleeves if the latter are short. The white satin slippers should be adorned by choux of tulle.

Some summer bonnets seen are very chic. First is the Louis Seize chapeau in white straw, and has the broad, flaring brim, faced with black velvet. It is trimmed with a wreath of black roses across the front, bows of sulphur lace at the sides, and a large aigrette of shaded roses and foliage at the left side of the back.

Black flowers with yellow centres and yellow flowers with black centres are trés en evidence, and are often intermingled with flowers of varied hues.

Another is the chapeau Lamballe in black paillasson, the crown belt g encircled by two kilt plaited ruffles of black and one of white mousseline de soie. This hat is adorned by two large black plumes at the left side and a rosette bow of ribbon at the right side, while the brim is turned up very high at the back and held by a paste buckle.

Still another mais paillasson hat is edged by a double plaiting of black mousseline de soie and garnished by a large bow of mais satin ribbon, one edge of which is bordered with the mousseline de soie. A ache-peigne of flowers rests upon the hair at the back and on the left side.

A pretty hat in fine black straw has a broad flat brim and moderately high crown. On the right side is an aigrette bow of Louis Seize ribbon, a mais taffeta ground figured with mauve flowers. The other side is adorned by a bunch of iris and leaves, and a full drapery of beurre lace is arranged across the front.

A fancy black straw, which owes both its shape and mode of garniture to the period of Louis XVI., has a low crown and a broad flat brim, turned up high at the back. The crown is surmounted by a very full double ruffle of white gauze below a similar ruffle of green gauze, the crown and nearly the entire brim being concealed by this garniture. At the left side a green and white aigrette arises from the fullness of the ruffles, and the hat is further adorned by a ache peigne of roses.

The Marie Antoinette is a remarkably quaint-looking hat, but one that may be worn by very few. This hat, whose shape has become familiar through pictures of the period, has a broad brim, turned down at the back and drooping over the face, the crown being set far back and almost concealed by the garniture. A black straw in this mode is trimmed with black silk gauze and Pompadour ribbon, patterned with roses. A wide ruffle of the gauze conceals the crown from the front, and is finished by a soft coil of ribbon, which rests on the brim and terminates in an immense bow at the back, one end of the ribbon being allowed to fall over the hair. At the left side a spray of roses rests upon the hair.

A pretty little toque in coarse moiduré straw is adorned with black wings, old gold and rose changeable taffeta, and black mousseline de soie. There are three very full choux of the mousseline de soie, —one in the centre of the front and one on each side. Between the front choux and each side one are two wings and two upright ends of the taffetas changeant, plaited and cut into a sharp point. These are attached by a jet cabochon. A similar point of the taffeta lies along the side of the toque back of the choux.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Apple Custard.—One dozen large apples, moist sugar, one small teacupful of cold water, the grated rind of one lemon, one pint of milk, four eggs, two ounces of loaf sugar. Peel, cut, and core the apples, put them into a lined saucepan with the water, sugar, and lemon rind. Stew them to a pulp, then put them at the bottom of a pie dish; make a custard of the eggs, milk, and sugar, and pour over the apples. Grate a little nutmeg over, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes.

Omelet of French Beans.—prepare the eggs and seasoning as for an ordinary omelet, then stir in two heaped tablespoons of chopped French beans and the same quantity of grated Parmesan cheese. Fry in a pan till a golden brown. The same kind of omelet can be made with the cold remains of cauliflower, asparagus, etc.

Imperial Pudding.—Three ounces of butter, three ounces of powdered white sugar, four eggs, three ounces of breadcrumbs, one ounce of flour, three ounces of rice, four ounces of mixed peel, four ounces of currants, half a pot apricot jam. Well wash and pick the rice, put it into a saucepan, boil till tender, drain it, beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, then the eggs, one at a time, flour, and the breadcrumbs, add the rice, peel chopped finely, and the currants, pour into a well-buttered mould, cover with buttered paper, and steam for one and a half hours. Turn on to a hot dish. Dissolve the jam in a saucepan with half a teacupful of water, and when hot pour over the pudding.

Lentil Soup.—Half a pound of red lentils, three pints brown stock, one small carrot, one small turnip, two small onions, one bunch herbs, ten peppercorns, two cloves, one pint of milk, one ounce of flour, two ounces of butter, one pound of tomatoes, one shallot, two ounces of ham. Well wash the lentils, put them in a saucepan with the stock, bring it gently to the boil, and then simmer; skim it, then add the vegetables sliced, herbs, cloves, and four peppercorns; simmer for two hours till quite tender, rub it through a sieve; slice the tomatoes, stew them with the ham, peppercorns, and shallot; when quite tender rub them through a sieve, and add to the lentils; mix the flour, butter, and milk together, boil for ten minutes, then add it to the soup; boil for three minutes and serve.

Orange Omelet.—A delicious orange omelet is made of four eggs, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, two saltspoonfuls of salt, two oranges and a tablespoonful of butter. Grate lightly the rind of one of the oranges on one tablespoonful of sugar. Pare the oranges and cut them in thin small slices, cutting from the sides, not across the oranges. Sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of sugar on the sliced oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. Beat into them the tablespoonful of sugar mixed with the orange rind, the salt and yolks of the eggs. Add also two tablespoonfuls of the orange juice. Put the butter in a large omelet pan and on the stove, and when it becomes hot add the egg mixture. Cook for half a minute, shaking the pan well. Spread the orange in the centre. Roll from both ends towards the centre; then fold over and turn upon a warm dish. Sprinkle with the remaining spoonful of sugar and place in the oven for two minutes. Serve at once.

Cucumber Cases.—Peel the cucumbers; cut them into even lengths of about two and a half inches each; scoop out the seeds to within a quarter of an inch of the bottom, leaving like a cup made of cucumber. Peel four tomatoes; remove the seeds; add to this a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, one pinch of chopped parsley; put this into a stewpan with sufficient gravy to make it into a smooth paste. Now fill each cucumber-case with this mixture, letting it come rather above the case; sprinkle with a little salt and pepper, place a tiny lump of butter on each, put all on a baking-tin, bake an half an hour, basting all the time either with butter or gravy. Serve in the same dish. Mushrooms can be used instead of tomatoes.

Spice Cake.—Cream one cup of butter, add one and a quarter cup of sugar, and beat until smooth and creamy; add two-thirds of a cup of milk alternately with one and a quarter cup of flour. When the batter is beaten smooth, add one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice, and two of sultanas or of raisins seeded, chopped, and floured. Mix well, turn into a thoroughly greased mould, and bake in a moderate oven.

Ear Ache.—A roasted onion is a favorite remedy for children suffering from ear ache; it forms a kind of dry poultice. Garlic, which is stronger than onions, if used in a similar way, is often very effective both in earache and toothache.

Golden Pudding.—Four ounces beef suet, six ounces breaderumbs, three ounces moist sugar, six ounces orange marmalade, two eggs, a pinch of salt, a little milk. Chop the suet very finely, mix it with the breadcrumbs, suet, marmalade, eggs, salt, and a teacupful of milk; mix thoroughly, tie in a floured cloth, and boil for three hours.

Pears with Vermicelli.—Boil a quarter of a pound of vermicelli in hot buttered salted water, and, when done, lift out on to a dish by a perforated ladle. In another saucepan have some pears stewing in plenty of water, sweetened with brown sugar, and, when they are quite done, add the cooked vermicelli, and let the mass simmer for five minutes.

Mutton Pudding.—One pound and a half of scrag of mutton or the piece from under the shoulder. Make a paste with one ounce and a half of suet or good sweet dripping. Line a pudding-basin; slice in two potatoes that have been peeled and washed, and a little chopped onion; cut the meat into neat little pieces, rejecting the fat, which can be run down in the oven. Continue this process with potatoes, onion, and meat, flour, pepper and salt, until the basin is full, pouring over the meat a breakfastcupful of cold water. Cover with paste and tie over the top of the basin a pudding cloth wrung out of hot water. Boil two hours and a half.

Lady Fingers.—Mix into a half pound of confectioner's sugar the yolks of six eggs. Work this mixture with a spoon until very light and frothy; then mix into it the whites of six eggs that have been beaten stiff, adding at the same time a quarter of a pound of flour, dried and sifted. Place this batter into a meringue bag and squeeze it through in strips two and one-half inches long. Sprinkle over them some fine sugar and bake in a moderate oven twelve to fifteen minutes.

Almond Cake.—Take one half pound of butter, a half pound of sugar, one and one-quarter pounds of flour, five beaten eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, flavor with almond extract. Mix to a stiff dough, roll to a quarter of an inch in thickness, brush with the beaten white of an egg and sprinkle thickly with chopped almonds. Bake in a quick oven.

House Plants.—If you have no good place out of doors for your house plants, and you do not care to keep them indoors through the summer, get the man or boys of the family to set four posts a little taller than your head and nail some strips around them. Then tack on lath, or in case this is not at hand, a thin cotton cloth, and you will have all the shade and shelter your plants require, and they will be sure to get all the air they need, besides having a lounging place or summer house. Make it a trifle ornamental, and it will be a constant pleasure to the eye.

Baked Apple Pudding.—Take four tart apples, sliced or chopped, put them in a well-buttered dish, make a batter with a pint of sweet milk, a pint of flour, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder and two well beaten eggs; pour over the apples and bake. Sauce.—A half pint water, let it boil; add a nice lump butter, a little salt, half a cup of sugar, a little wet cornstarch to thicken it like cream, a little yellow rind of a lemon and some of the juice; boil all together and serve.

To remove paint from clothing, saturate with turpentine until softened, then wash out with soap water.

Brushing stimulates the growth of the hair, and makes it glossy and soft.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Constipation, Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

That superior class monthly, "Music," for May, fully maintains the high rank attained by its predecessors. It is altogether the finest and best publication devoted to music in all its phases issued in this country. No one interested in this subject can afford to be without it. Published at Chicago.

The May "Century" has a very wide range of interest, but with a majority of readers the continuation of Prof. Sloane's wonderfully interesting "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" will be the central attraction. Many pictures are given from contemporary and later artists. A new novelette by Miss Julia Magruder, entitled "The Princess Sonia," is begun in this number, and it promises to be of unusual interest. It is fully illustrated. A paper of notable interest is furnished by William E. Smythe, one of the leaders of the irrigation movement, on "The Conquest of Arid America," fully illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote and Harry Fenn. The other articles are numerous, many of them beautifully illustrated, and all of high merit and interest. The Century Co., New York.

CONCERNING NORWAY.

NORWAY is rapidly acquiring great popularity with tourists in general, and no wonder, for its stupendous mountains, magnificent valleys, waterfalls and fjords, are the admiration of every one whose privilege it has been to them. The Norse people are kind, polite, hospitable and honest to a degree, especially those in the country districts. They are ever ready to do a kind act, will treat you well, and charge you little for it. Still, their idea of wealth is very different to ours; give a man a coin of value, say, sixpence, he will smile all over his face.

It is said that, if so inclined, you might safely go to sleep by the roadside and no one would ever attempt to divest you of your valuables. So much from the side of honesty. As already indicated, Norway is a poor country, and its people are likewise correspondingly poor. They battle with difficulties, brave adverse elements, live where other people would starve, and literally get bread out of stones, and, withal, are thankful for what little they do get.

Their industries consist, chiefly, of fishing, farming and wood-cutting. Fish is largely used for home consumption, and considerable quantities are exported in the fresh and dried state, a fair proportion of which finds its way into the market.

For weeks, and probably months, during their long winter, their little homesteads must be literally icebound, and all communication with the outer world completely cut off. Yet, in spite of such adverse elements, they overcome the difficulties and thrive in a remarkable manner. Two or three small fields, a few sheep and goats, seem to be all that is necessary to make the modest Norwegian farmer contented and happy with his lot.

A feature in Norwegian farming is the very large share women take in duties appertaining to the cultivation of the soil. It is quite a common thing for women to bear the brunt of field work, as the men are often absent from home, traveling to distant fairs and markets in order to dispose of their produce, and for the purpose of buying and selling cattle.

The Norwegian mode of travelling is somewhat of the primitive order. Railways are scarce—indeed, very scarce—the only one we came across during the whole of our travels is that one which covers a distance of sixty-eight miles, extending from Bergen to Vossevangen and passes through no fewer than fifty rock-hewn tunnels. Failing the advantages derived from the presence of the iron horse, there is in vogue a system of posting which enables persons to drive from one station to another, at fixed absolute rates, in vehicles constructed to hold one, two, three or four persons. Those most in use are the Carriole, a vehicle designed to hold one; and the Stolkjaerre, with seats for two. In each case the attendant, or Skydsgut as he is called, finds a place at the rear, although usually it is only a standing position. The Carriole is a comfortable sort of machine, and quite a novelty in char'oteering. Not so the Stolkjaerre, for it is a much less inviting vehicle, possessing back breaking qualities of the very first order. In some cases springs are dispensed with; thus, if perchance the roads are rough—as is often the case—and the path be downhill, you will be sure to know all about it, and feel it too. In order to ensure the successful working of the posting system—especially in country districts—any farmer may be called upon at a moment's notice to provide a horse for a traveler, and, no matter what hour of the day or night it may chance to be, or what other circumstances may arise, he is compelled to produce it. If, at that particular time, he should be busy ploughing in the fields, it makes no difference, he is bound to produce the horse.

Temperance people will note with pleasurable satisfaction that drunkenness is quite a rarity in Norway, a circumstance due largely, if not absolutely, to the adoption by the Government of the Gothenburg system, which places all profits on the sale of intoxicating liquors in the hands of the Government, who wisely use the money for local improvements.

MORAL EDUCATION.—Just as we see the house, but not its foundation, and the tree, but not its roots, so we see a man's conduct, but not the motives, desires and aims which lie beneath. Yet these are what constitute his true character, and it is to these which we should make our appeal. In the moral education of children, even good and wise people overlook this truth. They are content with directing their actions and inducing them to follow approved courses of conduct, without striving to inspire their hearts with a love and admiration for goodness. Rewards and penalties, the fear of disapproval, or the hope of applause, are constantly presented to them as inducements. Indeed the motives are generally selected and urged in accordance with their power to produce certain lines of action, whereas the true value of the action itself depends upon the motives what prompted it. This kind of training, when persisted in, produces men and women who will do nothing good from the love of it, but only from the outward profits they hope to gain. If they are honest in business, it is only because honesty is the best and safest policy; if they are friendly in social intercourse it is with the vein of society's benefits; if they are liberal in giving it is that they win a good name. Good motives and good principles for good ends make the true man, and want of them the fellow.

L. G. W.

RENEWED USEFULNESS.—Most housewives store up vast quantities of old partly-worn articles, contenting themselves, in answer to remonstrance, with the unassailable declaration, "they may come handy some time." There is more than a grain of wisdom in this homely prudence: worn out articles do indeed seem occasionally blessed with a second period of usefulness. What, at first thought, could seem more valueless that an old fire insurance policy? Yet cases are recorded in which they served a turn quite foreign to their legitimate one.

A party of travelers in the East landed at Jaffa on their way to Jerusalem. At the landing-place stood a military officer, gorgeous in Eastern costume, with a magnificent silver-mounted scimitar in his sash.

As the first member of the party presented his passport, one of his companions noticed that it had rather an unusual appearance. The officer, however, turned it round and round, upside down, and over and over; gazed blankly at its pages, and then returned it, with a low salaam and wave of the hand, which indicated his satisfaction in its correctness.

When the officers were out of sight and hearing, the gentleman who had noticed the oddity of the passport asked to see it, whereupon its owner pulled out an old fire-insurance policy.

"It looks just the same," said he. "It has signatures and seal, and here is a coat of arms. What more do these heathen want? They can't read. Why, I never think of traveling on anything else!"

Another traveler found a Smyrna custom-house officer who seemed to be in a bad humor. The traveler, an American gentleman, had very little baggage, and the officer was disposed to let it pass without examination, until he chanced to see a valuable Damascus sword protruding from a bundle. This he pulled from its scabbard, examined covetously, and retained it in his hand. The American knew that he should never see that sword again if he once abandoned it. He demanded its return, but the officer only salaamed, and waved him toward the gate.

This pantomime continued until the traveler bethought him of a life-insurance policy among his effects, and remembered that it bore a vignette of a large eagle swooping through the air. He triumphantly displayed the paper, pointing to its signatures and great wax seal, at the same time gesticulating and shrieking remonstrances in English and French.

The official could not understand, but he grew momentarily more nervous. Finally he took the paper, gave it renewed examination, and suddenly pretended to receive new light, handed back sword and policy, and salaamed the American from his presence.

WHINING.—There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or, if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because it is too sunny; they whine because they have "no luck," and others are still thriving; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and they have aches and pains because they whine; and they whine no one can tell why. Now we would like to say a word to those whining persons. First, stop whining—it is of no use complaining, fretting, fault finding, and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you not know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you not know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunshiny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. This life is meant only to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

SIR BENJAMIN RICHARDSON, M. D., of England, thinks that the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that seven out of ten average people could live that long if they lived in the right way. They should cultivate a spirit of serene cheerfulness under all circumstances, and should learn to like physical exercise in a scientific way. No man, he says, need be particularly abstemious in regard to any article of food, for the secret of long life does not lie there. A happy disposition, plenty of sleep, a temperate gratification of all the natural appetites, and the right kind of physical exercise, will insure longevity to most people.

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—such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "See that Hump," "Safety Pin," "Pigs in Clover," "Air Brake," etc.

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Write for further information and mention this paper.

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Pleasure and Profit

The publication of this book was suggested by the remarkable display of Woman's work at the World's Fair.

Its pages from cover to cover are a series of lessons calculated to fit any woman to do needlework or painting, either for the purpose of decorating her own home or for the sake of profit.

"Ladies' Work" covers the entire range of decorative needlework, its instructions and suggestions being accompanied by 150 illustrations.

It also contains a beautiful photograph of Mrs. Potter Palmer.

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Stitches for all kinds of embroidery, Ancient and Modern.
Flat or art embroidery thoroughly explained.
Ecclesiastical, Laid, Raised, Persian, Berlin, Roman, Jeweled, Queen Anne, Bullion, French Applique Embroidery, Household Stitches.

LESSONS ON RAISED EMBROIDERY NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

Illustrated Raised Double and Single Ribbon Rose, Raised Cotton Plant, Coxcomb, Sumac, Golden Rod, Calla Lily, Japan Lily, Tiger Lily, Thistle, Pansy, Poppies, Cherries, Grapes, Strawberries.

Instruction for mounting and using raised novelty embroidery.

No secrets of embroidery or painting left unexplained.

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GEOGRAPHICAL QUERIES.

How much is Leavenworth?
How fast does Chicago?
Who is it Council Bluffs?
And who laid Buffalo?

Oh, whom does Syracuse?
What sad sight has Racine?
Why throw that Little Rock?
Who painted Bowling Green?

The female chiropodist is the divinity that shapes our ends.

In the bicycle business the greater the number of sales the greater the falling off.

A.: "He is a relation of yours by marriage, I believe?" B.: "Yes, he married my girl."

Blazier: "How did that bank clerk friend of yours come to be crooked?" Lazrey: "He used to ride a bicycle."

When is a man like a telescope?—When somebody draws him out, sees through him, and finally shuts him up.

Hoax: "Miss Caustique sent Dumley a singular letter yesterday." Joax: "What was it?" Hoax: "Just simply 'B.'"

Nell: "How did Mr. Sillicus catch such a cold?" Belle: "He said he was sitting out on the balcony wrapped in thought."

A modern novelist tells us that his hero's proud spirit was in the dust. He should not kick at that, if it was the right kind.

Hoax: "There are worse things in the world than some amateur actors." Joax: "What are they?" Hoax: "Other amateur actors."

Paper is worth threepence a pound in Peru until it is made into money, then it depreciates, adds a wicked financier, about fifty per cent.

"Louise, don't let the men come too near you when you are courting." "Oh, no, mamma; when Charley is here we have a chair between us all the time."

Blinks: "What a magnificent library you have!" Winks: "Yes. When I think of the pile of money I've sunk in those books it makes me feel quite intellectual."

First student: "How did it happen that you failed again?" Second student: "Why, that wretched examiner asked me the same questions that I could not answer last year."

Miss Blanc, contemplatively: "That's a nice looking watch. Did you have to buy a suit of clothes to get that?" John Ware, reflectively: "No; on the contrary, I had to sell one."

Hoax: "I was trying to think of a man's name to-day and couldn't. Then all of a sudden a shower came up." Joax: "Well, what had that to do with it?" Hoax: "Everything. His name was MacIntosh."

Justice, severely: "How could you, sir, be so mean as to swindle people that put confidence in you?" Prisoner: "Well, judge, your honor, I'll make it worth something to yer if you'll tell me how to work them as don't."

"Don't you find it—ouch—pretty hard pulling to make a living at this business?" asked the disagreeable man. "Yes, sir," said the dentist, applying the forceps again; "I live principally—hold still!—from hand to mouth."

"You oppose every movement of woman in politics," said the fair lobbyist, "and you speak sneeringly of the 'new woman.' Are you a misogynist?"

"M—no," replied the representative from Egypt, scratching his chin. "I'm a bimetallist."

"Do you like to look at the hogs?" said Farmer Richland to his little niece from town.

"Yes, indeed, uncle," replied the intelligent child; "but I can't make out yet which pig it is that gives the boneless bacon."

Dumly, who has been asked to carve and is meeting with poor success:

"Whew!"

Landlady: "Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground to-day."

"The knife is all right, madam. You ought to have had the fowl ground!"

An old admiral, well known for his power of exaggeration, was describing a voyage at supper one night.

"While cruising in the Pacific," he said, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters."

"But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled."

"Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral; "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."

A certain musical composer of much talent and popularity—Smithkins—has a happy appreciation of his own work, as his friends all know. So highly does he estimate his compositions that some of his friends were much startled lately when he said gravely:

"Did you ever notice that the names of all the great composers begin with 'M'?"

"M!" ejaculated his astonished audience.

"Yes, 'M,'" said the composer. "Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski—and Me!"

THEIR STYLES.—A traveller in Switzerland who is fond of mountaineering writes: —We arrived at the village of Loeche-les-Bains, and were eagerly welcomed by the villagers. It was there that one of the guides described to me the behavior of different nationalities when they get to the top of a peak. A German, said he, as soon as he arrives at the top, wants to know the exact height of the mountain he is on and of every peak round him. A Frenchman goes into raptures over the wildness of the scenery and the beauties of nature, and sometimes accompanies his remarks by an attempt to embrace his guide. The Englishman, when he has "done" his peak, plunges his ice axe into the snow, looks round him, and then says—"I say, open the sacks and let's have some grub."

EGYPTIAN ONIONS.—In view of the fact that Egypt was once the centre of civilization and learning, whence science radiated every corner of the globe, vestiges of Egyptian lore being found even in this hemisphere, it is somewhat painful to think that the only item which the Land of the Pharaohs now contributes to the world is onions, which are being shipped in huge quantities to the United States. And to make matters worse, we are informed that the popular "basil," as the Egyptian onion is called, owes its fine flavor, as well as its size, to the fact that the fields in which it is grown are fertilized with the powdered mummies of the sages who flourished on the banks of the Nile three and four thousand years ago.

LIFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of friendship.

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Of course you will ride. All the world will—fashion, pleasure, business—men, women, children. It takes a while sometimes for the world to recognize its privileges, but when it does it adapts itself promptly. Therefore, you who are in the world will ride a bicycle—a

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Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold a Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
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FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.50, 11.35 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (4.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.50 a m, 12.25, 3.50, (4.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.46, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10, a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00 p m, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Returning, leave Atlantic City (de ot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays, express, 4.00, 5.15, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, from Chestnut street, and 9.00 a m from South street.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 809 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

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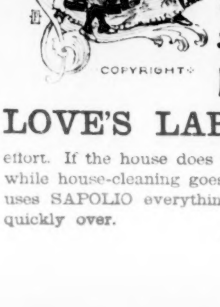

grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.

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LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.